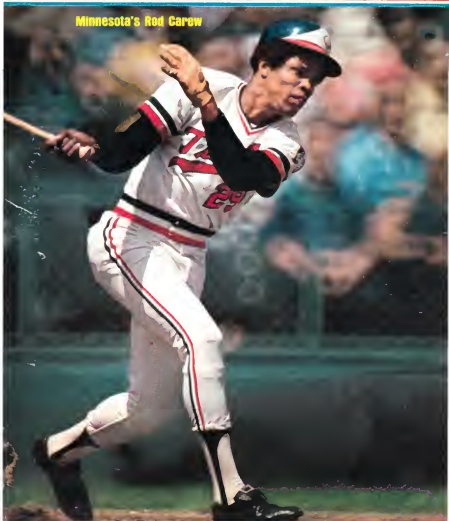


# Sports Illustrated

JULY 1, 1974 60 CENTS

## HIT 'EM WHERE THEY AIN'T

Minnesota's Rod Carew



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# DELCO

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Cover photograph by Melia Klatte

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## Next week

**VICE-PRESIDENT FORD** writes fondly of his own days as a football star and coach, and not so fondly about trends he sees in U.S. sport that hurt athletes and abuse the fans

**NEW KID** on the pro sports block is the World Football League, which will kick off in two weeks. A report on how one of the teams, the Florida Blazers, was farmed into life.

**STRANGE THINGS** are done 'neath the Arctic sun, as six adventurers head north with the log of a 19th century explorer and on the way find millions of bugs and a host of phantoms.



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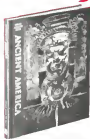
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lives—they wrote lyric poetry to lost loves, women used hair curlers, tweezers and eye shadow...they allowed their workers "sick leave," yet they suffered history's first recorded labor strike—they worked out the beginning of geometry, yet they had trouble with fractions.

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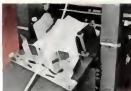


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# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CROCHTON

## COUNTING DOWN

After two years of deliberations the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has proposed its regulations to implement Title IX (SCORECARD, May 20), a subsection of education amendments passed by Congress in 1972 that prohibits sex discrimination in educational institutions receiving federal funds (i.e., a majority of the schools in the country).

Title IX has precipitated considerable controversy, particularly as it pertains to college athletics. "Impending doom is around the corner if these regulations are implemented," said Walter Byers of the National Collegiate Athletic Association with resounding redundancy after scanning a rough draft last February. Some women educators wanted Title IX to mirror men's athletic programs with equal scholarships and funding for women, some feared that "separate but equal" programs would be proposed (they were not), but all agreed they would die on the battlefields fighting an amendment introduced in the Senate a few weeks ago by John Tower of Texas that would have exempted revenue-producing sports (read football and basketball) from Title IX. The amendment was killed in a House-Senate conference.

Considering the depth of feeling, it is not surprising that HEW's regulations are vague and hard to interpret, but boiled down they appear to say that without question schools will have to upgrade their women's athletic programs, that the emphasis will be on equal opportunity, not equal expenditure, and that since it is highly unlikely that men's athletic programs will be greatly reduced, more monies must be found for women's sports.

The regulations are only proposals; they are not final. Secretary Caspar Weinberger and his staff will continue to listen to public comment until Oct. 15, after which date they will submit the ultimate, absolute final draft to President Nixon for approval. Weinberger guesses the regulations will go into effect on Jan. 1, 1975. Then, probably, it will be

business as usual for football, but cancel those fund-raising bake sales for women's teams. They will be riding to championships on prepaid tickets, too.

## LINKS LINK

Chief Superintendent Dick Saxby, detective of New Scotland Yard, struck up a fairways connection with Bruce Brown, sociable captain of their Middlesex golf club. The friendship spread to meetings off the course. Saxby invited Brown to a policemen's dinner and dance. The Browns and the Saxbys spent a jolly weekend in Germany. When Saxby was promoted, Brown was at the party. It will be Brown's last party for some time, though. Policemen, Saxby not among them, alas, unmasked Brown as the leader of a gang of bank robbers. Twenty-one years. Bad show, Saxby.

## GRIM TOLL

For those frightened of air travel, some statistics from the National Transportation Safety Board for 1973: while 227 people lost their lives in commercial aviation accidents, more than 1,100 were killed on bicycles, 1,340 in general aviation, 1,754 boating, fishing and cruising and 3,300 on motorcycles. A good swatch of the bicycle deaths were caused by careless automobile drivers.

## EASY DOESN'T DO IT

If Rex Golobac had his way, he probably would hire the maintenance men from Winged Foot and set them to work conditioning the bowling lanes around the country with the same meticulous care they devoted to the U.S. Open course. Golobac is president of the Bowling Proprietors' Association of America and he is frightened that his game is becoming monotonous for the spectator because it is too easy for the howler.

"It is not the ease with which the pros can string strikes together that makes a good TV show," he says, "but their manner of coping with difficulties. Good spare shooting has virtually ceased to be

a factor, because the pros are seldom called upon to make anything other than one-pin spares."

Golobac would not do anything drastic, like festooning lanes with miniature sand traps, but he does think that extending the dressing applied to the fore part of the lanes to the last 15 feet before the headpin—it is more difficult to execute and control a hook on dressing—might help restore the days when averages of 190 to 200 were considered excellent. Some tournament handicapping today is based on averages of around 220. The American Bowling Congress, which had just been congratulating itself on its high-scoring meet ever at Indianapolis, was maintaining a low profile. "I don't expect any official response," said an official.

## FOR THE BIRDS

Buffalo Bill, in e. e. cummings' brilliant lament, rode a watersmooth-silver stallion and broke one with three-fourths pigeons just like that. In Germany, claim indignant officials of the West German Animal Protection League, the slaughter of real pigeons is not anywhere near as



neat but it is a lot broader—seventy-eight-hundred-thousand pigeons just like that. Worse, and may Cody spit in his grave, the weapon is sex.

Fanclers have long played upon the monogamous instincts of the racing birds to speed them home. They remove the male just before he mates with the female and puck him off several hundred miles to a starting point from which, if all goes

*continued*

well, the faithful fellow will dash home to the one and only in record time. Unfair enough, but the method cannot hold a feather to what goes on back in the Ruhr, where there are three million pigeons, many enured with jealousy.

The Giermans, it seems, put a married couple in one cage and in another, separated by an opaque board, a hachelor bird. Periodically, the board is lifted long enough to give the two males ideas—but not long enough for them to fight. When the married male leaves for his race, says the WGAPL, he does so with a neurotic fear that he will return home to find divorce papers filed. He loses his head in his mad desire to get back to the loft and takes unnatural risks, often perishing after battling rain and hail or tearing into power lines. The WGAPL claims that by this means almost a third of the region's racing pigeons are lost each year.

"Sentimental twaddle," says Alfred Kozlowski, president of a racing association. "We are rendering the pigeons a real service by enabling them to achieve higher performances. . . . After all, achievement is the whole purpose of life."

Which puts us in mind of the ending of Cummings' poem, "what I want to know is how do you like your blueyed boy Mister Death?"

#### DOUBLE JEOPARDY

It is not often that a tennis player can lose two singles matches against different opponents on the same day 1,200 miles apart. But that is what Stan Smith did recently, battling himself, so to speak, in the Nielsen ratings and emerging a big loser all round. On a TV program called the *CBS Tennis Classic*, Englishman Mark Cox blasted Smith in straight sets on an overcast day in Austin, Texas. A flip of a channel away, on ABC-TV, Rod Laver was beating up on poor Smith in the very same time slot in the World Invitational Tennis Classic at sweltering Hilton Head Island, S.C. Anybody for a case of classic overexposure?

#### LES MOTS JUSTES

Back when sportswriting was sports-writing, this, in part, is how a Quincy, Ill. paper told it the way it was after the local news went down to what—in the absence of any score—must have been calamitous defeat, before the turn of the century.

"The glass-armed toy soldiers of this town were fed to the pigs yesterday by the cadaverous Indian grave-robbers from Omaha. The flabby, one-lunged Reubens . . . had their shirts toasted by the bushy-eyed cattle-drivers from the West.

"They stood around with gaping eyeballs like a hen on a hotmail and suffered the grizzly yaps of Omaha to run bases until their necks were long with thirst. Hickey had more errors than Conn's Financial School.

"The Quinceys were full of straw and scrapiron. They couldn't hit a brick wagon with a pickax, and ran bases like pull-beaters at a funeral. If three-base hits were growing at the back of every man's neck they couldn't reach 'em with a featherduster. . . .

"The game was whiskered and frost-bitten. The Omahaes were bad enough, but the Quincy Brown Sox had their first sewn up until they couldn't hold a crazy quilt unless it was tied around their necks."

The writer, for obvious reasons, was anonymous.

#### CLAUSED CIRCUIT

It is a lamentable fact of these parlous times that even the purest of arguments turn to mush. A cherished view of National Football League owners and the basis of the lawsuit filed by the Cincinnati Bengals against linebacker Bill Bergey is that no man who has signed a contract to play with another club in future years can possibly perform during the interim with the elan and dedication expected of him by his present employer. Sounds sensible, but going back a few years, one famous case would seem to prove the opposite.

It happened in 1949 and involved George Ratterman, the old Notre Dame quarterback, who announced that he was playing out the option in his contract with the Buffalo Bills of the All-America Football Conference. What Ratterman neglected to tell anybody was that he already had signed to spend 1950 in the company of the New York Yankees of the NFL. Nobody ever suspected. Although he missed training camp and the season opener, Ratterman had his best year of the three he spent with Buffalo, leading the Bills into the playoffs, where they were defeated by Cleveland 31-21. His completion percentage of 57.9% was the highest in the league, and he topped

that off by starting ahead of Y. A. Tittle and Frankie Albert in the postseason All-Star game against Cleveland, won by the Stars 12-7. Ratterman played six seasons in the NFL but never had a year to equal his last with the Bills.

#### HIGH RISE, LOW PRICE

With costs of the Louisiana Superdome soaring over the \$160 million mark and the end not yet in sight, it is nice to report this story of low finance in Payette, Idaho. A community of 4,700 just across the Snake River from Ontario, Ore., Payette is this very week moving into a dome of its own. The building, 150 feet in diameter and 36 feet tall, has been turned into a new gymnasium for the high school. There is room enough for three basketball courts, one full-sized, the others not very much smaller, and 2,500 spectators. Badminton anybody? Eight games can be played simultaneously. On a large balcony running around the courts there is space for, among many activities, wrestling, gymnastics and band practice. The cost: \$300,000.

If that seems unbelievable, it is not. The project took shape 14 years ago in the mind of John Campbell, then a young teacher, who shepherded his physics classes to Dooley Mountain in Oregon to observe work being done on an Air Force radar dome. Campbell eventually became superintendent of the Payette school system, and last year, when the Dooley dome was declared surplus, he struck. After much ado the town got the dome for the cost of carting it away. It gives the little high school one of the finest gyms in the state and is the biggest hit in town since Harmon Killebrew was clouting thunderous flies into the surrounding desert.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Frank D. Tatum Jr., USGA, on the difficult pin placements in the U.S. Open: "We had no intention of confounding the best players in the world. We just wanted to identify who they were."

• Randy Rasmussen, New York Jets guard and off-season stockbroker: "Every time I look at the market reports I love pro football more and more."

• Leigh Buck, member of the U.S. women's lacrosse team, on why she has no record of her goals: "Girls aren't hot dogs like some of the men. We play a fundamental game and don't emphasize statistics."

END

# "Sometimes I think the world is one big tobacco plantation."

A few off-the-cuff insights from Amphora's Henk Kramer, the Marco Polo of pipe tobacco.

"Every year I travel to almost every part of the earth. It's not that I like to live out of a suitcase. As Director of Leaf Purchases for Douwe Egberts, my job is to buy good tobacco. And some outstanding tobaccos grow in just about a hundred countries. I don't think I've missed one of them.

"In order to produce Amphora's balanced flavor, I go to Tanzania, Brazil, Indonesia and, of course, the U.S.A. In Greece my shopping list includes such exotic tobaccos as Basma, Katerini, Kaha-Kulak and Bashli Bagli. From Bulgaria comes Harmanli, Krumovgrad and Nevenkop. We import Samson and Broussa from Turkey and from Yugoslavia we obtain Prilep, Orlja and Djibrl. Beautiful names. Marvellous aromatic tobaccos."



"The funny part is that in tobacco, the 'who' is more important than the 'where.'"

"Although I travel to every tobacco growing region I know that a tobacco leaf is only as good as its parentage. Give me a tobacco seed with a good genetic background, fawn over it with tender loving care, add the right environment, and you'll end up with a solid citizen of a tobacco. No matter where it was brought up. That's why you can grow superior Virginia-type tobacco in Malawi. And outstanding Burley in Mexico."

## VIRGINIA? BURLEY? WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

"Let me back up a bit. Basically, there are four kinds of pipe tobacco. Flue-cured, Air-cured, Fire-cured. And sun-cured. Curing simply means the different processes for drying and fermenting specific types of tobacco after they're harvested.

"For example, Burley is air-cured tobacco. It has great bouquet and is sweeter than Virginia tobaccos.

"By itself, Virginia is more sharp than sweet. But it's a more aromatic tobacco than Burley. Virginia is what we call a flue-cured tobacco. And when you bring Virginia and Burley tobaccos together some wonderful things start to happen."

## WHEN YOU BLEND TOBACCO, IT'S LIKE MAKING A DELICIOUS SOUP.

"Nothing really good happens with tobacco or soup, until you have all the right ingredients in harmony. Like salt, for example. By itself, it tastes uncomfortable.

But put it in soup, and its tasty personality emerges.

"The same thing with tobacco. There are dark, air-cured types that are slightly sweet and a little heavy all by themselves. But put them in a blend in the right proportions with some mildly sharp Virginia types, and you end up with a tobacco that's great to taste and has a beautiful aroma."

"We have a saying at Amphora, 'if you start off good, you end up good.' Which means you should always start with a good vintage, otherwise the blend won't balance. (For example, we use twenty rare tobaccos in Amphora High-grade Virginia types are wedded to Burley and Oriental tobaccos for their specific characters.) But there's more to making a good blend, than just blending it."



## HOW WE GET THE MILDNESS WE WANT INTO OUR TOBACCO.

"The tobaccos we buy are shipped to our factory in Joure, Holland. There they are mellowed by time, temperature and pressure. We age our tobaccos twice so that they may mature gracefully. Aging tobaccos the slow Cavendish way achieves the same results as aging fine wines. The tobacco becomes smoother, while the bite is eliminated. Only the flavor remains.

"I suppose this sounds like a commercial, but I sincerely believe that no other pipe tobacco receives the care and attention we give to Amphora. Probably, that's why you Americans made Amphora your most popular imported pipe tobacco."

Henk Kramer learned tobacco from his father who was Douwe Egberts' Director of Leaf Purchases before Henk earned the title. Henk can tell you more about pipe tobacco than anyone else we know. But if you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco, please write directly to us: Douwe Egberts, Inc., 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, California 91311.

You could write to Henk Kramer, but the last we heard he was somewhere east of the Cameroons.











A new believer, Greg Goss, is at .346.

#### SINGULAR HITTERS *continued*

bats left. "That leaves me a hole in right field. If I could do it, I'd get a hit every time by just going for that hole. But I can't do it. Usually when I try to pull the ball I hit off my front foot and can't get anything behind my swing. So I just concentrate on hitting up the middle or going to the opposite field."

Carew succumbs to vanity only when discussing his bunting, a craft at which he immodestly but quite accurately considers himself a master. On those rare days when the hits are not dropping in for him, he resorts to bunting to keep his batting average at the proper altitude. If anything, it usually rises, as it did in 1972 when he bunted for 25 hits in 36 attempts. He has been known to bunt three or even four times a game if he spots an opening in the defense.

This added skill further disorients infield alignments. At bat Carew can see the third baseman advancing on him like one of Macduff's trees. No matter. "Even when they know I'm going to bunt, they can't throw me out," he says. "I can drop the ball to a spot where they will have an awkward throw. They have to come up clean with the ball and throw on the

run. Not too many third basemen can do that consistently."

Carew is a natural hitter, but his bunting is the fruit of many hours of labor. Not many modern players are willing to devote much time to something so personally unrewarding as bunting, but Carew practices the art for as much as 45 minutes a day during spring training and for 15 minutes before most games.

Watching him take batting practice is an education in itself. Carew does not see this interval in his workday as a time for engaging in distance-hitting contests. "All some of these guys want to do is hit the ball in the seats during practice," he says disdainfully. "I concentrate on moving the ball around."

And so he does, first dropping exquisite bunts along the base lines and then . . . ping . . . bouncing ground balls up the middle and . . . crack . . . slicing delicate line drives into left field or . . . bang . . . launching hard shots down the right-field line. For all his modesty about placing the ball, he is as accurate as an archer.

Carew has a thin, almost skeletal face, a serene, handsome visage that he disfigures with Red Man chewing tobacco. With his cheeks popped out he looks even more like the survivor of another era, like someone who has recently emerged from a time capsule buried in 1912. But he does not chew tobacco to give him the authentic look of a dead-ball hitter. He chews it to keep from drinking Coca-Cola, a habit that reached epic proportions a few seasons ago when he downed as many as 15 Cokes during a game. "It got so I was starting to feel sick in the last innings. With tobacco in my mouth I can't stand the taste of the stuff."

Tobacco chewing generally identifies the chewer as a tough guy, an aggressive, even combative, ballplayer, which Carew is not. If there is any criticism of his play—and his manager, Frank Quilico, has said, "How can you criticize a guy hitting .400"—it is that he is too much the perfect gentleman on the field.

"I don't go out there to hurt anyone," Carew says. "I avoid that whenever possible. Reggie Jackson came into second base once this year standing up on a double-play ball. It would have been easy to hit him with the ball. But I knew he had a bad leg, the hamstring thing, and probably didn't want to risk sliding, so I went well out of my way to throw around him. He thanked me for it."

Carew was as hurt emotionally as physically four years ago when Mike Hegan of the Milwaukee Brewers barreled into him to break up a double play. Surgery was required to repair torn ligaments in Carew's right knee and he missed two-thirds of the season. But he was even more hurt that Hegan, a gentleman like himself, should have treated him so shabbily. "The play was over," Carew says. "I had already thrown the ball. He just kept coming." The accident, he admits, left him slightly gun-shy at second base for the better part of two seasons. But as the strength in his leg returned, the timidity disappeared.

Carew was born in Panama—on a train—and though his family moved to New York when he was in his early teens a trace of Latin accent persists, lending even more gentleness to a soft voice. He laughs easily, although he is an acknowledged loner and "certainly no goer." City life does not sit well with him and he does not enjoy driving a car in traffic. Instead, he prefers riding his 10-speed bicycle the 15 miles from his home to Metropolitan Stadium. He is an enthusiastic movie fan—"sometimes two or three in a day"—and, unlike so many of his contemporaries in baseball, a serious reader. At the moment he is studying Judaism, his wife Marilyn's religion, toward the possibility of embracing that faith.

At 28 and in his eighth season, Carew is at a point in age and experience where a player is supposed to peak, which further encourages the speculation that he might become the first 400 hitter since Williams. Carew won the batting title last year with a .350 average, the highest mark in the American League in 12 years. Last week his average hovered tantalizingly around .400, some 40 points above his nearest competitor, Oakland's Jackson. A power man, Jackson cuts an entirely different figure in the plate from Carew, the lineal descendant of Wee Willie, the Georgia Peach, Honus Wagner, Shoeless Joe and the Brothers Warner.

"If he gets lucky and stays healthy, I think he can hit .400," says Manager Quilico. "He has so many offensive gifts. He has great speed [41 stolen bases last year] so he beats out a lot of ground balls. And when he isn't hitting he can always bunt for hits. Now, after seven years in the league, he's found himself. He's around .400 now and his hottest months are always August and September."

Carew is not so optimistic. "I don't

like to set goals for myself," he says. "That just adds more pressure, and there is enough as it is. Then, too, I'm pretty much of a free swinger. I don't walk much [only 62 times in 1973] and I think to hit .400 you have to walk a lot. [Williams had 145 walks in 1941 when he hit .400.] And now with so many relief pitchers you are always facing somebody fresh. Every team has three or four strong starters and a couple of very good relievers. That's a lot of pitching."

"Nothing is impossible," says Ralph Garr, the Atlanta outfielder whose .318 career average is two percentage points higher than Carew's and who is batting a heady .370 this season. "But for someone like me or Carew to hit .400, we'd have to get about 250 hits. That's a lot. But I won't say it's impossible."

Garr, like Carew, is basically a left-handed singles hitter with speed who is reluctant to accept a base on balls, but there the similarity ends. Carew has a swift, guarded stroke with the bat. Garr is a wild swinger. "I try to hit the ball harder than Carew," Garr says, "so I top the ball a lot. I beat out a lot of those rollers. I just hit the ball where they pitch it to me. But I won't always try to go to left on an inside pitch. And in certain situations I might go for the home run. I take whatever comes."

Pete Rose will also "muscle up" and play long ball on occasion, as he did in the fourth National League playoff game with the Mets last year. But Carew, who is a sturdy 6' and 180 pounds, sees no reason to alter his disciplined swing.

"He could be a different type of hitter if he wanted to," says Quilici. "He could hit maybe 20 to 25 home runs. I've seen him hit the long ball. In the old Kansas City park he hit one over the equipment house in center field. But he never thinks home run. He thinks line drive."

"What a lot of people don't realize is that certain guys on certain clubs have a job to do," says Carew, defending his style. "My job is to get on base, to try and hit the ball somewhere. On this team, when Harmon [Killebrew] and Tony [Oliva] were playing every day, we had guys who could drive in runs. But they had to have somebody on base to do it. Every hitter knows his capabilities. I know mine. Oh, I could hit the ball hard if I wanted to. But if I hit 10 home runs I'm not going to help the club. If I get on base and score 95 runs, I am."

Last year Carew scored 98 runs. Of his

203 hits, only six were home runs. Only 11 of Garr's 200 hits were homers. He scored 94 runs. Five of Rose's 230 hits were homers. He scored 115 runs.

Carew, Rose and, to some extent, Garr are singles hitters by design. Others are in their company as creatures of circumstance. Baltimore's Tommy Davis has hit as many as 27 home runs in a season, but he now considers himself a "Punch and Judy" hitter. "It's a matter of survival," he says. "I've been traded so often I feel I'm showcasing myself every time I come to bat. I've got to do something up there. I like the man who thinks up there, who touches the ball. A guy who gets 180 or more hits can do just as much damage as a guy who hits 60 home runs. And the new, bigger ball parks have changed the game. People are beginning to realize the value of the line-drive hitter."

Davis' famous teammate, 37-year-old Brooks Robinson, changed himself into a singles hitter this year, he says, because in his athletic dotage he lost the strength to hit home runs. Robinson is currently batting .330, about 60 points above his career average.

The game may be changing, as Davis suggests, but the public seems loath to accept the change.

"It is true that power hitters dominate baseball," says Lenny Randle, the singles-hitting Texas Ranger infielder, "and that is true because that is the way the fans have wanted it. Home runs mean power and power is a symbol of authority and superiority. The fans apparently need to affiliate with those kinds of feelings."

"Singles hitters," says Houston Pitcher Don Wilson, "set the table for the power hitters. If they hit singles and the power hitter blasts one out, you've got yourself a feast."

Carew might bristle mildly at the suggestion that he and his kind are merely busboys, but he will not change his approach to the game. He will continue to practice the ancient arts, dragging and pushing the ball through the infield, outsmarting the enemy, just as if he had never heard the adage about home-run hitters driving Cadillacs.

"A Cadillac?" he inquired over coffee one day last week. "Why should I want a Cadillac? I ride a bicycle." **END**

#### MONTH BY MONTH IN THE CAREW-WILLIAMS .400 RACE



A comparison of Ted Williams' average for each month of his .400 season, 1941, with Carew's progress in 1974 ("deno-

ing June to date) brings home the difficulty of Rod's task. While Carew started better, Williams was never below .372.

**G**raduation time is always memorable, but how many young men could enjoy it as much as 6'11" Moses Malone, the most sought-after high school basketball prospect since Lew Alcindor? Malone received his diploma from Petersburg (Va.) High after finishing his final semester with straight A's, thus lifting his overall average to C and qualifying him for a scholarship to the college of his choice, the University of Maryland. He got a car, a 1974 Chrysler Imperial, obtained through a lease-purchase arrangement; no money down, \$1,050 a year. And a new \$7-an-hour construction job in Washington, D.C. There was even talk that a \$1 million insurance policy might be nice as a hedge against any injury that could affect his value as a professional player after his college career. Nor is the Malone good fortune limited to Moses. His mother Mary has quit her job as a nurse's aide to become a meat-packer at \$100 a week, twice her former salary. The talented Moses is entitled to his smile. Unsmiling is Clemson's Tate Locke, one of 300 spurned coaches, who says: "Maryland did a super job of recruiting, really amazing. They covered every exit and entrance."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LACONO



**HELLO THERE,**



**MR. MALONE, WHAT'S NEW?**

# GENTLY, WITH A BIG KICK

*Meet mild-mannered claims adjuster Rick Wohlhuter who, rest assured, is the world's speediest half-miler*

In one of the minor tragedies buried under the carnage of the 1972 Olympic Games, Rick Wohlhuter tripped and fell in the semifinals of the 800-meter run and never got to the finals. His fall was something of a mystery. "Someone said I tripped on a sunbeam," Wohlhuter says, "and I guess that's about as good an explanation as any. I really don't know what happened, but that's all behind me. I did fall—but I've gotten up and kept going."

Indeed, as Wohlhuter made patently evident last weekend at the national AAU track and field championships in Los Angeles, he has kept going at a strong, fast, record-shattering pace. Since his inelegant stumble at Munich, Wohlhuter has twice broken the world record for the half mile, most recently running a 1:44.1 on June 8 at Eugene, Ore., only a week after he had turned in a 3:55 1 mile. Last Saturday in UCLA's Drake Stadium he breezed to victory in the AAU 800 meters in 1:43.9, two-tenths of a second off the world record for that event. All proof, of course, that you can't keep a good man down.

Wohlhuter does not look like a world-class athlete and his demeanor is polite and mild-mannered, like Clark Kent's. A Notre Dame graduate, Wohlhuter seems perfectly suited to his job as a claims adjuster for the Continental Assurance Co. of Chicago. He looks like a guy who would be fascinated by the Dewey Decimal System and, in further contrast to others of his athletic calling, he voices no contempt for the AAU, bears no grudges toward rivals and ranks somewhere between Caspar Milquetoast and Albert Schweitzer as a prima donna. Last week during the AAU championships he finished a conversation with a persistent reporter with the mild request: "No phone calls tomorrow night, please. I've got to do my laundry." On



Wohlhuter won the 800 in near-record time

first impression, he is the nice guy who finishes last.

On the track, however, Wohlhuter is a study in tenacity and aggression, his strength and speed as evident as his sharp, if occasional, wit. (At the UCLA pool Saturday morning, which was ringed by the pretty girls who seem to be the primary fauna of the Westwood campus, Wohlhuter said, "If you transferred here from Notre Dame, you'd need a psychiatrist.") North Carolina Central's Coach Leroy Walker says, "Rick has got himself together so well he thinks he owns his race. And maybe he does." In competition he occasionally overcomes the reluctance felt by most runners—Filbert Bayi excepted—and sets the pace from the gun, but he prefers to stay behind through the early stages of a race, if the leaders out in front are going fast enough. "I feel I can run a strong race from 400 to 600 yards," he says, "but my real strength comes on in the last 200."

In the AAU meet Wohlhuter demonstrated his style in a trial heat of the 800, moving into second place at 600 meters and then turning on a kick that was both formidable and relaxed to win in a brisk

1:46.6. "His feet hardly touched the ground," marveled one spectator. The 800 final figured to be a showdown between Wohlhuter and John Walker of New Zealand, who had paused in California on his way to Europe. Walker had finished an impressive second to Bayi in the 1,500 meters at the Commonwealth Games last February, but in his trial heat he finished third in 1:49.2, and his stride seemed labored and heavy.

In Saturday's final, Wohlhuter got an assist from Ray Geter of Prairie View A&M, who led the field through the first 400 meters in 51.3 seconds. Wohlhuter hung on Geter's elbow until they came out of the third turn into the backstretch. Then Wohlhuter moved to the fore and kicked through the finish to win by 10 meters. His 1:43.9 equaled the second-fastest time ever run in the event. Walker, heavy stride notwithstanding, was a good second in 1:45.3.

"Getting a world record is secondary to winning," Wohlhuter said afterward. "There's too much pressure to go for a record every time. I wasn't dramatically worried about anyone in the field today. I felt all I had to do was get out and get going. I'll get the record eventually." Track nuts, who subtract .7 seconds from world-class half-mile times to get an equivalent time for the slightly shorter 800 meters (about 875 yards), say that Wohlhuter has already run the 800 faster than anyone else; during his world-record 1:44.1 half mile he passed the 800-meter point in an unofficial 1:43.4, well under Marcello Fiasconaro's world-record 1:43.7.

Wohlhuter's next chance to set a new mark may come a week from now in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. dual meet at Durham, N.C., where he expects to run against Russia's Yevgeniy Arzhanov, the silver medalist in the 800 at Munich. Wohlhuter was beaten by Arzhanov in Minsk last summer in a slow, tactical race. "It's going to be different this time," the American says. "I feel I have a score to settle. I'd like to be past the finish line, turned around, waving him across."

Later in the summer, Wohlhuter expects to compete in Europe in both the 800 and 1,500. Whether his schedule and Bayi's will coincide is not certain, but he says, "I can't wait to meet Bayi. I'd certainly like to run a fast race with him. In the 1,500 I might not beat him, but I'll give him a go."

—RON RABD

## AND GRACEFULLY, FROM IN FRONT

The United Republic of Tanzania (created in 1964 when Tanganyika and Zanzibar joined) is perhaps rightly suspicious of what it calls "cynical Western journalists." A cynical Western journalist, for example, might be tempted to have fun with the name of Tanzania's world-record-holding metric miler, Filbert Bayi, suggesting that Bayi's seven brothers and sisters have names like Pistachio and Macadamia, and that Filbert drinks nothing but coconuts.

Such facile humor would be unkind. Despite its somewhat self-righteous adherence to the sterile polemics of East and West and the Third World, Tanzania emerges as a pretty good country, and as for Filbert Bayi, he is anything but a nut. He is a shy, slim, quiet young army officer of 21 who reflects in both his speed and his sensitivity the best qualities of East African life. He reminds you of one of those wide-eyed, lean-legged antelopes—gazelle, impala, oryx—that spring with such amazing grace across the great game plains of the Serengeti. When Bayi broke Jim Ryun's seven-year-old world record for the 1,500 meters in the Commonwealth Games at Christchurch, New Zealand, he looked back twice during the final lap to see where his archrival, Kenya's Ben Jipcho, was running. The photographs show eyes as poignant as those of a sable antelope with a cheetah closing fast on his tail. "I always look behind to see who's coming," Bayi says, with a smile.

Actually, Bayi got his start in running by playing the predator in his home village of Karatu, near Mount Kilimanjaro. After school he and his pals would run their dogs after hares and gazelles. "The dogs were the speedy ones," he says, "but chasing them taught me endurance. And since the altitude there is in excess of 5,000 feet, this gave me the needed stamina for long-distance running."

He began running formally in 1970. Initially a steeplechaser and 5,000-meter man, he switched to the 1,500 in 1972 and surprised everyone by setting a new Tanzanian record, a modest 3:45.6 that was roughly equivalent to a 4:03 mile. "I knew then that I was on to something big," Bayi says. "I knew I was fit to run in international competition." But at the Munich Olympics he learned a hard les-

son. "I discovered that there is a lot of pushing and jostling in the 1,500," he says wryly. "At one point I was actually spiked. I decided that from then on I would run at the front right from the start. Let them catch me if they can." This sometimes self-defeating strategy worked perfectly for Bayi at the All-African games in Lagos, Nigeria, in January 1973. He burst into the lead and wowed fans and foes by defeating the renowned Kap Keno of Kenya in a meet record time of 3:37.2. The aging Keno embraced Bayi after the event and then turned pro.

It took Bayi another year to dispose of his other major African challenger, Keno's successor, Jipcho. "Boastful Ben," as he is sometimes called in East Africa, had whipped Bayi twice and the Christchurch race shaped up as a grudge match. New Zealand's John Walker, who had finished ahead of Bayi in the Commonwealth 800 meters, was also in the 1,500. Bayi went out so swiftly—hitting 400 meters at 54.5 and 800 in a scaring 1:52 flat—that everyone figured he had to fade. He didn't. He finished in 3:32.2, almost a second under Ryun's record, and he established himself as the new man to beat in the mile and in the 1,500.

In Tanzania, Bayi is now praised in the

same breath with President Julius Nyerere and he has been promoted to lieutenant in the Defense Forces. Nominally a "sports and air technical officer," he lives in barracks near the airport outside Dar es Salaam. He runs for two or three hours every morning on the sandy roads of the humid Arabic-flavored coast, past Moslem women shrouded in their gum-metal black *bû-bûs*, past stalls gaudy with papayas, mangoes and fly-wreathed raw meat, past jolly barbers who strop their razors under the banyan trees and cheer him on.

"I run alone," he says. "The African runner does not need a coach. The runner in the high plains, the runner who pursues the dogs who pursue the gazelles, does not need a coach to teach him his pace. I know myself what is bad and what is good, I need nothing fancy, nothing special in my diet—no drugs, no vitamins. I eat rice, fruit, meat and the maize dish we call *ugali*, just like my military comrades. For amusement I watch football and read the sports magazines. I like the movies—both the Westerns, like John Wayne, and the Easterns, like *Enter the Dragon*." He almost smiles at the Third World symbolism in the remark.

He grins broadly when asked if he has any special girl friend.

"No," he says, "just girl friends. I would like to keep it plural for a while."

This week Bayi will be in Scandinavia for a series of meets in Finland, Sweden and Norway. He will run everything from the 800 through the 1,500 and the mile to the 3,000-meter steeplechase and the two-mile. Though he says a touch of malaria has put him off top form, he appears in excellent shape. All eyes will be on the stopwatch during his mile attempt in Stockholm on July 1. Jim Ryun's world record of 3:51.1 is obviously his next target.

And if he breaks it, what next? Will he turn pro, like Keno and Jipcho and Ryun himself?

"I cannot even begin to comment on professionalism," he says. He is sitting in the officers' mess under the watchful eyes of a superior. One realizes that Bayi is a soldier, subject to military discipline. And that this is a socialist state.

"As I understand it," he continues, "being a paid runner means you are a slave to someone. You are running for money and not for honor. I want to run for my country."

—ROBERT F. JONES



Bayi heads north to campaign in Europe.



*Proper battered Quarry at his leisure until  
Referee Joe Louis escorted the target away;*



**H**ave you ever heard of the old English booth fighters? They were a common species on the fairgrounds during the Victorian period, full of show, guile and usually hungry enough to remove the consciousness of centers for a purse of three to five shillings. Most of all, though, they were required to give only the appearance of assault, just enough to arouse the rabble, and if a mistake was made (if the hayseed happened to get hit too early), a second in the corner might whisper for all to hear. "Gently does it, my lad. Yer don't want to knock 'im out yet. Give us a little show of yer quality afore yer goes 'im."

Oh, it was high comedy for the suckers, replete with bankers doubling as referees and mud pies from the audience. But now and then things would get out of hand, and the event would hang on the precipice of manslaughter, much like what happened when Jerry Quarry and Joe Frazier went at it last week in Madison Square Garden. If it was not altogether a booth fight, it will have to do until something better comes along. What was at stake, after all? Here were two fighters, one, Frazier, past his prime, the other, Quarry, never having reached one, ostensibly trying to qualify for a title shot, but more sensibly merely out to make a shilling. And that they did: \$400,000 for Joe, \$225,000 for Jerry. But as entertainment, the fight left one feeling queasy, if not gaily, for having watched it.

By dismantling Quarry in five rounds (Referee Joe Louis belatedly—stopped it) Frazier only underlined what many had sensed and now know, the heavyweight division is desperately impoverished. It has a champion (George Foreman) who is a big hater but has no defense against fine print and legal niceties. It has a challenger (Muhammad Ali) whose talent is terribly dimmed. And it has Quarry and Frazier, who will never again illuminate the scene, and there is some question if either can continue—try as they may—to profit from it. The only major fight remaining is Foreman vs. Ali, gentlemen with the big cigars, the well is dry.

Frazier's brutal victory over Quarry was reaffirmation of what has long been most obvious: put somebody reasonably stationary in front of Frazier and he will hit him ... again and again and again. That was what Frazier did against Quar-

## HARD SELL FOR SOME HARD KNOCKS

*Jerry Quarry sold a lot of people the notion that he was a changed man, but Joe Frazier didn't buy it. The result: a familiar ending* **by MARK KRAM**

ry in one of the most uncompetitive bouts seen in a long time. Although Frazier does not throw the same volume of punches or advance as irresistibly as he once did, Quarry was never in the fight. His role was that of a catcher, a part previously played by George Chuvalo, but it is doubtful if that long-suffering soul ever took as many clean shots to the head as Quarry.

It was a shutout, although one indulgent judge called the first round even. At the tail end of the fourth round, Frazier tagged Quarry with an overhand right and then came back underneath with a wicked left to the body. Quarry dropped to one knee. The bell rang. He came out for the fifth, and Frazier went immediately after his right eye, which had been out earlier. Quarry was in awful shape. He tried to survive, to retain the dignity that so many often thought he did not have. As blow after blow ripped to his head he looked for help, from Joe Louis, his corner, anybody.

"Stop it!" people at ringside screamed. "Stop it! He's gonna get killed!"

Frazier backed off. It was an unprecedented move for him, the old warrior who was raised on the raw violence of the Philadelphia gyms. He looked toward Louis to stop the fight, but who knows where Joe was, he might have been lost back in the mist with Max Schmeling. A minute into the fifth round Quarry's mother got up. "Let's go," she said to Jerry's wife. "It's all over." She later said: "Jerry put up no fight at all, really, after the first round. He fought a little then. In the third round I could tell he was in trouble. I don't know what the matter was." Louis waved Frazier on, peered intently at the wreckage for a while and finally stepped in.

Looking at Quarry made the years roll by one after another. So much has always been wrong with him, not with his talent but with his ability to think, to perceive, to free himself from the quicksand

of his own mind. First, there was the influence of his Steinbockian family, a hard people who were fiercely tribal and meddlesome. His father, old Jack, confused him, involved him in his plots to remove Jerry's Mexican manager, Johnny Flores. Father Jack was the co-manager and he had a running feud with Flores, with Quarry in the middle. In the end, the father proved what has always been notoriously true in the ring—fathers make bad managers.

Then there was Quarry's failure to assemble himself as a fighter. He never knew precisely what he wanted to do in the ring, never knew whether to be a boxer, a counter-puncher or a brawler. His instinct is for the brawl, but his true talent is, or rather was, as a counter-puncher. Quick and punishing, he could pick a puncher apart. But he seldom did, and he never even tried with Frazier. In their first bout five years ago he was competitive, yet again the wrong way. Out to prove his courage, he engaged Frazier in a war of attrition, it was a war that he could not possibly have won.

That time, though, he promised it would be different. He had a new wife, a new manager (Gil Clancy) and new intelligence, and he was coming off six straight wins. He convinced a lot of people (4,611 paid \$517,006 and some of the press but not Joe Frazier, and apparently not even himself. He has seldom looked more ineffectual, he went to the hunt without a gun. "I think he's been around long enough," said his mother. "He should get out of it.")

With 15 stitches over his left eye, three over his right eye, a swollen lip and an angry red ear, Quarry sat in his dressing room: "I had a long, elusive dream. I'm not too sure it can be made now. As essayist William Hazlitt once wrote, and it seemed applicable to Jerry Quarry after so many self-deceptions. "He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption."

END

| 2nd | 3rd | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th | 10th | 11th | 12th | 13th | 14th | 15th | 16th | 17th | 18th | 19th | 20th | 21st | 22nd | 23rd | 24th | 25th | 26th | 27th | 28th | 29th | 30th | 31st | 32nd | 33rd | 34th | 35th | 36th | 37th | 38th | 39th | 40th | 41st | 42nd | 43rd | 44th | 45th | 46th | 47th | 48th | 49th | 50th | 51st | 52nd | 53rd | 54th | 55th | 56th | 57th | 58th | 59th | 60th | 61st | 62nd | 63rd | 64th | 65th | 66th | 67th | 68th | 69th | 70th | 71st | 72nd | 73rd | 74th | 75th | 76th | 77th | 78th | 79th | 80th | 81st | 82nd | 83rd | 84th | 85th | 86th | 87th | 88th | 89th | 90th | 91st | 92nd | 93rd | 94th | 95th | 96th | 97th | 98th | 99th | 100th |       |
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# The TV show for bulls and bears.

**(And hogs, corn, wheat, plywood...)**

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Taking a long look at where he's been  
and where he's going, the most celebrated golfer of all  
considers the consequences of age on his game

by **ARNOLD PALMER**  
with **ERNEST HAVEMANN**

**A**fter the recent Open Championship, on which for the first time in many weeks I managed to stay in contention the whole way, a friend who had watched on TV said, "Asteric, it was great to have you back." I said, "It was great to have *evil* back."

Before I get into the matter of what it is like to be a pro after 40—and Arnold Palmer after 40—I must say that the long, arduous, tremendously difficult course at Winged Foot, where the best score was seven over par, is what a genuine championship is all about. Win or lose, any real pro loves a challenging course like that. If we played more tournaments over lay-outs like Winged Foot, I feel sure I would have won more often, even in my recent post-40 years. So would Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player. A course like that makes a difference in how you approach the game, it forces you to do your best. Winged Foot certainly gave Hale Irwin his finest hour.

Many of the week-by-week courses played along the tour are too easy for the pros, especially now that the fairways and greens are always in pluperfect condition. It is too easy to get on the green, almost impossible to get into serious trouble. The tournament often boils down to a putting contest, and with so many good players around, there are probably at least 50 or 100 pros who can win a putting contest on any given day.

Winged Foot was wonderful for the

## WITH EACH ROUND, YOU ARE ONE DAY OLDER

spectators, too, because it made the pros seem human. I heard one man in the gallery say, "It's great to see the pros bluff it around the way I do." If every course made the pros look like amateurs, this same spectator might soon start saying, "Hell, I play that good, why should I waste my time watching these fellows?" We need all kinds of courses, those where birdies come easy as well as those where

you have to play your heart out to avoid a bogey. But the tough courses are the challenge, the thing that gets the adrenalin flowing even in a man of 44. Maybe especially in a man of 44.

I had my chance going into the final day but fell short. Was I disappointed? You know I was. Have I done some second-guessing? You know I have. I have spent considerable time asking myself

How would I have played that course 10 years ago? Would I have done it differently? Would I have done better?

You never know. As you get older, you lose a little in many respects. I am unable to take the club back as far on the backswing as I once did, nor am I able to finish as high. I can no longer let out as I once could when the opportunity presented itself, like a tee shot on a par-5





when you must hit an extra-long drive to have a chance to reach the green in two. On the average, I am perhaps five to 10 yards shorter with the driver.

That five or 10 yards on the average drive and perhaps an extra 25 yards when I would like to let out, can make a difference. Not much of a difference—perhaps one stroke on an occasional par-5 hole or a long par-4, perhaps a quarter to a half

stroke a round on the average. But tournaments are often won or lost by less than that. And perhaps there are other things I have lost that I am not even aware of. How can you remember exactly how you played, exactly what you could do or could not do 10 or 15 years ago, in a long-gone time when your recollections are obscured and distorted by the hundreds and thousands of rounds of golf played in

the meantime? Over a period in which your talents have waxed and waned, as every golfer's do, from day to day and even from hole to hole?

One thing I certainly miss, as does every golfer as he gets older, is those split-second reflexes of youth. This may sound odd, because golf is not a game of sheer reflexes like most other sports—like baseball, for example, in which reflex responses play such an obvious role. The batter's eyes spot the pitch and his brain issues instantaneous and unthinking instructions about where and when to swing. The shortstop grabs a line drive coming at him so fast he is hardly conscious of seeing it at all. When a baseball player's reflexes slow down, as they are bound to do with age, he can do nothing as easily as he once did.

For the golfer, the ball is just waiting there, he has all the time he wants to plan his shot and swing. His reflexes would hardly seem to come into play—yet they do in one important way that makes golf more difficult as you get older.

When I was young, I could make a serious mistake in the swing and get away with it. I might jerk the club head back too abruptly from the ball, or swing too fast. If I did, my body was somehow aware of it and my reflexes—these happy, unconscious, marvelous reflexes of youth—made automatic corrections. These adjustments sometimes saved the shot altogether, or at least kept the ball on the fringe of the fairway instead of in the deep rough. Who knows how many faulty swings turned into decent shots for me? Five hundred? Several thousand? Now it is much harder to recover a tee shot had move at any point in the swing. My reflexes are no longer fast enough to save me from my follies.

On the other hand, age would seem to have its advantages, chiefly the advantage of experience. I continue to believe in the words of wisdom my father kept ringing in my ears when I was learning the game as a boy: "Ninety percent of golf is played from the shoulders up."

*continued*

In that 90', a man should improve every time he hits a good shot and analyzes why it was good, or a bad shot and works to discover why it was bad. He constantly should acquire more knowledge of how to read the greens, how to judge the effect of the wind, how to cope with lies. After playing the various courses on the tour year after year, he should begin to know their idiosyncrasies.

But experience can be a two-edged sword. As witness a happening at the Open. In the third round we are suddenly faced with new conditions. The wind has shifted 180°; on holes where it has been at our backs, it is now in our faces. In the brain of a man my age, the voice of experience starts calling out loud and clear. This is now an entirely different hole; I have to play it differently.

So I am standing in the fairway, thinking, I know, from studying the course, that I am exactly 190 yards from the hole. Under ordinary circumstances, a three-iron. But now what? I try to calculate the force of the wind. Is it blowing at 10 miles an hour or 15? Will it cost me five yards? Ten yards? One question leads to another. How much the wind will hold back the shot depends on how high I hit the ball. How high, considering the club and the lie and the way I am playing today, am I likely to hit it?

Problems, problems.... Even a few years ago, when I knew a little less about the game, I would not have worried like that. When the wind was blowing in my face, I would just tear at the ball and hit a low punch shot. That is what most of the younger players did in the Open, with results often as good as mine and sometimes better.

There is such a thing in golf as knowing too much; you can psych yourself out. You can think about a shot so long that you lose your confidence and blow the shot completely. Where does it all start and stop? When does your learning become so significant to your game that it interferes with your playing?

I keep thinking of fine students of golf I have known who analyzed the game as painstakingly and thoroughly as a scientist analyzes an experiment in his laboratory—yet never became good players. And of others who knew nothing about the fundamentals of the game but simply invented a new and rather unlikely swing that happened to fit their physical talents, practiced it faithfully—and became Hall of Famers.

There should be some kind of happy medium, some way to take advantage of hard study of the fundamentals and the experience of age while still preserving the zestful and instinctive approach of youth and thus keep compensating throughout one's life for the inevitable erosion of the muscles and reflexes. I keep trying to find that happy medium though it has been eluding me. All I can say at the moment is that I have been trying very hard to win—indeed I am trying harder now than ever—but one of golf's many perplexing, frustrating but endlessly fascinating mysteries seems to be that the harder you try the harder the job gets.

Putting is one of the most puzzling aspects of the game. It is generally believed that putting should improve with age—a theory probably stemming from the fact that every club has some members in their 60s who no longer even try to hit the ball more than 150 yards down the fairways, yet still score well because they have an uncanny touch around and on the greens. These older players have concentrated on what they are good at; they have practiced a lot around the greens, many of them have developed an almost perfect putting stroke.

But I have always believed that it is better to have just an average putting stroke or even a poor one, plus a lot of confidence. Those older golfers who are putting so well are doing it on their own leisurely and relaxed foursomes, not in competition. Bet them a dollar that they will miss the next time, put a little pressure on, and that perfect stroke tends to vanish.

A pro's putting hardly ever improves with age; in fact, I cannot name anybody on the tour, aside from very young men, who is putting better today than he was five or 10 years ago. My own touch has certainly gone off; the putts just refuse to drop the way they used to. Is it the stroke? Is it a matter of confidence? Is it lack of concentration? I don't know. All I can do is keep trying to look for the answer—and hope that the touch will come back.

Some days I think I have found the secret. There have been times, when I was working on the practice green with a new putter or one I had changed slightly, or with a somewhat different stroke, that I was so accurate it scared me. I was almost afraid to get into my plane to fly to the next tournament. I thought, now that I've got this thing locked, it would be just

my luck for the plane to crash before I can prove it. I was wrong on both counts. The plane got me there, but the practice session proved to be an illusion; the putts dropped no better than before.

I mentioned that I am trying harder than ever to win, which reminds me that the worst mistake I ever made in my life—as a golfer or as a human being—was at the 1972 Masters. On the last day I could do nothing right, my game was simply awful. This was bad enough in itself, but I began worrying about the spectators. I am very sensitive to the moods of the gallery. When I put a couple of good holes together and the people get charged up, their mood rubs off on me and I get charged up, or I should say even more charged up. And I know how down they get—how quiet and disappointed and unhappy—when I start missing shots.

On this day at the Masters, I felt so bad about disappointing the gallery that I could hardly think of anything else. I thought, I would like to apologize to everybody individually. I must do something to make it up to them. What am I going to do? What I decided to do was play it tight—act like I didn't really care, just laugh it off and go through the motions for the rest of the round.

It was the worst decision I could have made. It was out of character; I wasn't doing my thing. Afterward I felt a lot worse than if I had shot the same score but had been playing my heart out all the way. Never again. I play to win; everybody knows I play to win. No way I can pretend that losing is a joke.

In fact, one thing that may handicap a pro as he gets older is that he becomes a sort of elder statesman who is always supposed to keep his cool. When I was new on the tour, I made no attempt to hide my emotions. If I made a bad shot or got a bad bounce, I got mad; I jammed many a club into the ground in anger and frustration. Maybe outdoors like that help you get rid of excess adrenalin and settle back to normal.

About the most emotional thing I do now is drop the club on the bag in disgust—really not so much in anger as with a sense of deep disappointment that I still am unable to hit a shot the way I want to even after all these years. Perhaps it would be better if I just plain got mad and showed it, as I used to. But I hardly think I could do it. Even Tommy Bolt, whose temper was a golfing legend, became a lamb as he got older.

To the pro golfer still determined to win at 44, there are always the hopeful examples of Sam Snead, who won his most recent tour tournament at 52, and Julius Boros, who won the PGA Championship for the first time when he was 48. These two fine old players seem to hold out hope—until you think about them a little.

Unfortunately for those of us who want to follow in their footsteps, the fact is that Snead and Boros are exceptional men. Snead is blessed with remarkable physical abilities; few men can hope to be as strong, durable and resilient as he continues to be. Boros has that natural, easy swing that goes on forever, producing consistent if not spectacular results. And a look at the records shows that these two men, and they alone, are the survivors out of scores of other good golfers of their generation. The rest have long since stopped trying to compete. Indeed, how many other pros can you name who in the entire history of the tour have ever won any kind of tournament, much less a major championship, after the age of 40? A handful, I would guess.

The law of averages says that the odds against a man's chances of winning after 40 are at least 100 to 1, maybe as much as 500 to 1. And sometimes I find myself thinking: What am I doing thinking I have any right to beat the law of averages? Why not quietly give up?

The answer is that I don't want to believe the law of averages. Golf is still too much fun for me; I continue to find my biggest thrill in tournament competition, win or lose. After a week like the Open, making a pretty fair showing over that wonderfully challenging course, I have a strong urge to drop everything else and go back to building my whole life around a return to the week-to-week do-or-die of the tour. And then there are the galleries. They still seem to enjoy watching me try to defy the averages, and it would be impossible to explain how much I enjoy them. There is also my workshop, where I spend a lot of time experimenting on my clubs. The workshop is to me what a fishing boat is to some men—a place where I can get away from whatever is bothering me.

Let me think out loud now about my future. One thought is that tournament golf is hard work, a peculiarly exhausting combination of physical and mental effort. At the end of any single day, especially in an Open or a Masters, if you

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**PALMER** *continues*

have poured yourself into the round as you should have, you are bound to be dead tired. This fatigue lasts for four long days and there can be only one answer to the question: who is better able to stand up physically, the 44-year-old or the 24-year-old? I really never expect to play all the tournaments again, week after week. I would be worn out within a month. I will probably concentrate on about 15 tournaments a year, spaced out as much as possible—though I would hope not to be held to this if I got everything going and seemed to be having a good year.

Another thought. I had a game plan for the Open, for that difficult course at Winged Foot. I decided in advance that I would try never to make a double bogey, would try to make no more than 12 bogeys in the four rounds and would let the birdies come where they might; if I managed to get five or six birdies, while carrying out the remainder of my plan, I could win.

I wound up with eight birdies and would have been an easy winner if I had been on target with the rest of the plan. Unfortunately, though I did avoid any double bogeys, I had 20 bogeys instead of the dozen I had hoped for. A strange thing about those bogeys. Eight of them, more than enough to beat me, came on the last two days on the same four holes—on 8 and 9, 17 and 18. Some kind of pattern?

There was no pattern at all as far as the play of the holes went. Some of the bogeys resulted from bad tee shots, others from bad irons to the green, others from three-putting. Looking back at those two days of play on those four crucial holes, I find it hard to believe that I lost the Open because of geriatric problems with my driving, irons or putting.

There is a pattern, though, in the timing—the last two days of the tournament, the last two holes of the front nine, the last two holes of the back nine. To me the pattern suggests a problem in concentration—just some little mental thing, a tendency to let the mind stray at times, especially near the finish.

I know I am more sensitive to distractions than I used to be, I find it harder to do what a golfer must do, which is to put everything out of his mind except the task at hand. My wife Winnie says she can usually predict how I will play in a tournament by how much I indulge my natural inclination to be sociable. If I am

talking to a lot of people, getting interested in the conversations, she expects the worst. It is only when the people around me ask questions and I do not even hear what they say that she expects a good tournament. She is right. Ideally, the tournament golfer should have the soul of a hermit.

Another thought. Golf is a game that nobody has ever mastered—and that in all probability nobody will master if it is played for another thousand years. First, there is the human element. You cannot possibly be the same person or play the same way every time you go out on the course. You feel a little different each day. On each new round you are one day older. Your physical condition varies. (One thing I often ask myself is: Could I be a Gary Player, dedicated to weight lifting and other daily muscular exercises—and if I were, would it really help?) Some days you can hit a three-iron close in 200 yards without any special effort; on other days you have to strain to hit it 180 yards.

There is also the element of chance, the rub of the green. Through no fault of your own you can get an unlucky bounce and wind up in a bunker instead of close to the flag. A sudden gust of wind can take a shot off line. A spike mark on the green can spoil a perfect putt. You could play two different rounds making exactly the same swing on every shot—if that were possible, which it is not—and score 68 one time and 75 the other.

For the very reason that golf is such an unpredictable and fascinating challenge, it is also a constant frustration. Perhaps it is the frustration that finally gets to the golfer when he becomes older. You start with the ambition to attain perfection, to master the game. Then one day you realize that your goal is unattainable. Perhaps you can never again play with the same blithe confidence.

Final thought. Confidence and concentration; that's about it. Physically, there is not all that much difference between the 44-year-old golfer and the 24-year-old. With the few and relatively unimportant exceptions I have mentioned, I do pretty much the same thing on the golf course—in mechanical terms—that I always did.

Confidence and concentration. Ninety percent of golf is played from the shoulders up. Back to the drawing board—and, regardless of what the law of averages dictates, I will be around. **END**



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# THE CUP THAT GRIPS



# THE WORLD

The site is Germany, but no continent is spared the frenzy as the most popular sports event of all gets under way with hoopla and a happy "Hoep, Hoep!"

by CLIVE GAMMON



Until the Dutch came rollicking over the Rhine in their orange clogs and put everything right, it was easy to feel like a guest who has arrived half an hour too early for the party, an impression reinforced by being met on the doorstep, that is to say, Germany's Frankfurt Airport, by a sergeant of the federal border police sitting grimly in the cockpit of his *Schützpanzerwagen*, a drab-painted semi-tank armed with two machine guns and parked where taxis normally stand.

You could sympathize with the host, though. The World Cup of Soccer, or El Campeonato del Mundo de Fútbol, or La Coupe du Monde, or even Das Fussball-Weltmeisterschaft of 1974, is to millions of people all over the world the supreme sport event, eclipsing even the Olympics. Of the 100 nations originally entered, 16 finalists, divided into groups of four, were in Germany for a three-week round robin in nine cities that would first eliminate eight teams, then six more, the two survivors battling for the championship in early July. With an estimated 300 million people around the world watching on television, West Germany, as host, wanted no political gate-crashing, no repetition of the Munich Olympics.

So guests had to put up with a few inconveniences, such as the ring of steel that surrounded Frankfurt on opening day when the defending world champions, Brazil, took on Yugoslavia. Water cannons, armored cars and police helicopters were on display, perhaps a little too ostentatiously, and the first

continued

In Berlin's Olympia Stadium, one of nine Cap sites, the crowd cheers West Germany-Chile.



Against Haiti, a Polish attacker uses his head.

## WORLD CUP *continued*

fans to arrive, small groups of excited but entirely well-behaved Yugoslavians who hadn't far to travel because they worked in German factories, were body checked by Hessian state police as thoroughly as if they had walked into Belfast's Aldergrove Airport wearing shamrock-green hats. A small Alp of confiscated beer cans swiftly mounted at the checkpoint, and police were also demanding the little wooden sticks attached to the paper national flags the fans carried. "We have a whole van full of sticks," one policeman boasted. He had yet to meet the happy but not-to-be-pushed-around Dutch nor, even more significantly, had he yet been breathed upon by the Scots, who had obviously dropped in on another party along the way.

It was clear that West Germany had spared no expense in staging the Cup. For two hours before the first game, in an elaborate opening ceremony, domes resembling black-and-white soccer balls opened up like water lilies to reveal singing and dancing troupes of the 16 participating nations. The most superbly costumed, the most brilliant, was that of Brazil, which was choreographed by Domingo Campos and paid for by Pepsi-Cola. It was observed silently by the least superb, least brilliant but possibly the most attractively unprejudiced group: seven long-haired, dungaree-clad Aussies who called themselves Mulga Bill's Bicycle Band and sang a little country

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER LINCOLN



Briefly airborne, a West German hurls the ball as he himself is chased by an East German.

music. Mulga Bill helped the festivities, but there were cynics in the crowd. "When we come to the last ball," said a German, "out pop the Arabs."

Anything popping out received massive television coverage, for like much else in the World Cup, the long opening ceremony seemed to have been staged with the huge television audience in mind rather more than the 62,000 spectators at the Waldstadion at Frankfurt. "Without color, it's unbearable," declared one TV ad in *The London Daily Express*. If the firm was fearful that no one in England was going to watch because the British were out of the World Cup, it was mistaken. Within a day or two the BBC would be crowing that it had established a lead of 11 million viewers over the rival ITV channel, and in *Dome*, an astute cinema manager was offering a series of X-rated films for housewives widowed by 3½ weeks of football idly.

In Germany itself the Department of Health gave some solemn advice to compulsive television watchers. "Eat plenty

of carrots, spinach, tomatoes and liver," it proclaimed. "They contain vitamin A, which strengthens the vision." Meanwhile, Brazilian TV had made sure not even the acutest vision would pick up the sight of the great Pele who, having played over \$100,000 in bonuses from his club, Santos, to work for an identical sum as a TV commentator in Germany, found his new job vetted by the Brazilian TV journalists' union.

A huge, happy, sentimental roar greeted Pele at the opening ceremonies when he walked onto the field to receive a replica of the Jules Rimet Gold Cup, which his national team won in perpetuity in Mexico City in 1970. Not everyone was pleased with his presence in Germany, however. "Why don't they fill the cup up with Pepsi?" muttered a disgruntled Brazilian journalist. Among a section of the Brazilian press and, it was said, among the Brazilian players, Pele had been freely criticized, not so much for having refused to play but for dominating the scene merely by his presence. It was hardly his fault that the individual

skills of the Brazilian team were being constantly and disparagingly compared with his own. His business commitments were especially disapproved of after his agent reputedly had said, "That man could sell anything except a brassiere."

But at the Waldstadion, even though Pele received the trophy flanked by four little boys wearing Pepsi T-shirts, the crowd stood in adoration. Then, after 2,000 German schoolchildren, looking spiritual in white, formed the World Cup motif and a few ceremonial words were spoken by portly men in dark suits, the blue, white and red of Yugoslavia lined up against the yellow, blue and white of Brazil. The World Cup had begun.

But no one had told the players, seemingly. The Brazilians had already called the honor of appearing in the first game a poisoned gift, meaning that the tensions implicit in it could lead to a freak result. For long periods in the first half both teams were unwilling to commit themselves to attack.

There were a few flashes of brilliance by Brazil, but after the half, the team faded. Dragin Dragic, the striker from Red Star, Belgrade, spreadeagled Brazil's de-

fense again and again, but it was almost as if the Yugoslavians could not realize what was happening. Twice, with the Brazilian goalkeeper at their mercy, Yugoslavian attackers fired wide and the final score was 0-0.

In Berlin the next morning, 340 miles away, there seemed a good chance the play would pick up with the appearance of West Germany, the host team and Cup favorite. Berlin is a real metropolis, not a soulless agglomeration of high-rise office blocks like Frankfurt. Perspiring, happy Berliners were eating smoking-hot roast pork slices at street stalls on the Kurfürstendamm, the city's Fifth Avenue, even though the temperature was rising into the mid-80s. And though they cost \$6 apiece, enough of them had bought the black, red and gold flags of the Bundesrepublik to turn the streets into a carnival. Some fans, being cynical city types, were enjoying a sly giggle at the news that the president of the German Soccer Association, Hermann Giosmann, had flown into Tempelhof Airport to see the game, had been besieged by autograph hunters, had signed for 10 minutes and then looked down to find

that his attache case, which contained his ticket for the game, had been stolen. (Later in the day, in Istanbul, the wife and daughter of the Turkish referee, Dogan Babacan, slipped into a neighbor's house to watch him on TV. While there their own house was burgled.)

Even if they had to keep their hands on their wallets, the crowd flooding to Olympia Stadium was in a holiday mood. Those without tickets who did not want to go home could watch the game on television in shop windows. One store had 19 color sets going, and anticipated 200 viewers on the sidewalk. Not that tickets for the 88,000-seat stadium were scarce. A Canadian would-be scalper who had bought \$3,000 worth, expecting to clean up, was left without takers, as were two Dames who were trying to sell 70 tickets at face value plus, they said, 10% tax. (A total of 83,000 fans attended, so that the television abroad was comparatively slight.)

At the ground itself, a male choir, backed by an accomp band, boomed out somewhat unmelodiously over the loudspeakers. The song, *Fussball ist unser Leben*, recorded by the West German

*continued*

*Arvid Muller of West Germany is down but Clifton Gossile Leopoldo Vallejos decidedly is not as he makes a diving stop of Muller's head shot.*



## WORLD CUP *continued*

teams, as a hit in Germany. It is a big, brassy number that almost blotted out every other sound.

But not quite. In the vast, oddly religious-looking stadium that Hitler built for the 1936 Olympics, a wedge of students, Chilean exiles and young Germans were demonstrating against events that took place in another stadium in Santiago in 1973. "Chile, si. Junta, no," they chanted, and then in German, "Tod den Faschismus," death to fascism. Hundreds of police encircled them, the crowd whistled and jeered and the loud-speaker appealed, "Don't get provoked by incidents which lie outside the field of sport."

When the game began there were plenty of incidents on the field to provoke German fans. The West German team started out miserably and majestically, and after 16 minutes it scored the first goal of the tournament, Uli Hoenes, the young blond star, slipping the ball to Paul Breitner, who had come up from the defense. Breitner sprinted down the left of the field, cut in and let go a rising shot from 30 yards out into the corner of the net.

It looked as if there would be more goals, but the Chileans fell back to defend in depth, tackling brutally to stop the Germans, conceding foul after foul until, most harshly of all, Carlos Caszely brought down Bert Vogts with a slash-

ing kick in the thigh and was sent off the field. The Germans continued to play sweet football, but the crowd's mood had soured. It was enraged with the Chileans and also, mysteriously, with the home side, reserving its jeers mainly for Wolfgang Overath from Cologne, a veteran of the World Cups of 1966 and 1970, and for the captain of the team, the elegant Franz Beckenbauer. This seemed totally illogical unless one understands that Beckenbauer and four other star players are from the Bayern Munich Club—which is in Bavaria. Berlin is in Prussia. It was interstate jealousy that caused the ill-tempered display, even though West Germany had won 1-0.

The next day arrived the jolly folk who brightened the whole mood of the World Cup. They came flooding east along the *Autobahn* to Hannover in cars and buses, 40,000 of them. Never before had Holland made much impact on the Cup, but now it had the two Johanns, Cruyff and Neeskens, and a new, brilliant player whom hardly anyone had heard of, 22-year-old Johnny Rep from the Ajax Club. It also had the happiest, most outgoing and pliant-faced football fans in the world, broad-faced, smiling, decked out in anything orange they could find. "Johann Cruyff, superstar!" they sang out in English. "How many goals have you scored so far?" They yelled "Hoop, Holland, hoop!" and they delightedly point-

*The international galaxy of fans was as spirited as the soccer. From upper left: a cigar-smoking Chilean, a nattering Dutch pair, Scots in their plaids, a pensive West German, a drizzle-braving Brazilian, a parade of 1,500 sailors and Brazil's own choros line.*



ed out to each other snippets from the German papers that described their smooth-running team as "The Clockwork Orange" and called Cruyff "the Nureyev of soccer." They flooded through the Alstad, the old part of Hanover, and chomped bratwurst and swilled beer with never a cross word. In the stadium they stood out as great swaths of orange. What they saw was Uruguay playing more viciously than Chile did, chopping down Neeskens again and again. But they stayed with their orange-shirted heroes chanting "Haul-and! Haul-and!" while Cruyff made fools of the ugly-tackling Uruguayans and Rep binged in two line goals. Whereupon it was time to head for the Alstad again to deal with more steins, while country boys from the farming north of Holland did stomping, clapping, broad-bottomed clog dances on the sidewalks. "Met de handjes, klap, klap, klap! Met de voeties, stop, stop, stop!" they sang, spinning themselves around. Late that night, if you saw a big Dutchman swaying toward you down a dark, narrow, cobbled street, you could be sure that all he wanted to do was shake your hand. Whereupon you could say, "Hoep Holland!" to him just for the pleasure of seeing his face split in an immense grin.

There had been no real surprises in the other stadiums around Germany. Poland's 3-2 win over Argentina was hard fought, the best game of the tournament to that point. The Australians, inevitably called the Socceroos, gallantly lost to East Germany. Italy, a finalist in 1970,

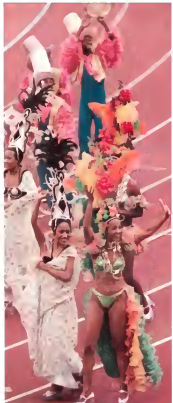
had trouble beating Harts, as its famous goalkeeper, Dino Zoff, let in a goal for the first time in 13 international games before his side came back to win 3-1. And Scotland, not much favored itself, huffed and puffed before overcoming the totally inexperienced Zaire side 2-0, which did not augur well for Scotland's chances in its next game against Brazil at Frankfurt. Nevertheless, the team was loyally followed by 15,000 fans, most of the hard, wee, football-mad Celtic and Ranger supporters from the slums of Glasgow.

Scot football followers are not the kind you would invite to your grandmother's golden wedding anniversary party. "I've no eaten since last Thursday," one declared outside Frankfurt stadium. "It took me three years to save up £500 to come here, and I've lost my job in Glasgow post office, but I dinna care. My heart's right out here!" he held his hand out a foot from his chest. "We're magic! Scotland's magic!" He swirled his tartan cape around him and sang, lovingly, "Six foot two! Eyes of blue! Big Jim Holton's watching you!"

Big Jim, one of Scotland's defensemen, had been training with the team 24 hours earlier in a yelling, sweating practice game that most of the pundits present thought too strenuous a workout so close to the match. But Billy Bremner, slight, freckled, the original wee hard man who is Scotland's captain, laughed that off. "I'm all bubbles, man," he said. "I'm bubbling over. We've nothing to lose. It's Brazil that has to worry."

The atmosphere at the Waldstadion

continued







was more tense than at any previous game. Prime Minister Harold Wilson arrived, wearing a plaid tie. Jackie Stewart of Scotland and Emerson Fittipaldi of Brazil came in together. "We're going to paint the town plaid," said Jackie, but he was a little behind the times because the job had already been done, partly by 300 wild clansmen who had camped at Heddernheim outside the city and put away 200 cases of beer. Somebody's sense of humor had delegated three British military policemen to watch the thousands of Scottish troops based in Germany who had come to watch the game but, as a German newspaper observed ponderously, "They were definitely too few for this kind of business."

On the field, it looked for the first 20 minutes as if Brazilian flair would overwhelm the Scots. Lewintha crashed the ball off the crossbar of the Scottish goal. David Harvey had to make a death-or-glory dive at the feet of Rivelino. But then, in the face of Scots fire and nerve, the Brazilian morale began to crumble, as it had against Yugoslavia. Scotland dominated the second half, Bremner playing his heart out. But it could not score, though Peter Lorimer sent the ball screaming just wide of the corner of the net and Leão had to make crazy, diving saves from Joe Jordan, Davie Hay and Jordan again. The game ended in another 0-0 tie.

It was so nearly a victory that the Scots celebrated it as one. "We devalued 'em!" roared a happy fan. "We beat 'em 0-0!" It was enough to justify, later that night, the German riot police turning out in Sachsenhausen, the sleazy bar district of Frankfurt.

On the cool, Eastern side of divided Germany the streets were quieter. "We get up at 5 a.m., don't we?" an East Berliner said. "We're off to work at 6 a.m., quit at 4:15, do a little shopping, get home at five. All you want to do then is stick your legs on the bed and watch the tube."

"Nothing ever happens in East Berlin," a pretty girl at the Stadt Berlin Hotel complained. "Now we have the World Cup, which means that less than nothing happens. All the men are watching TV."

On the night of the East Germany-

Chile game, if you had inquired at the desk of the Beralina Hotel where could you see the match, you would have been told conspiratorially, "Go to room 705." There in the dark, on one of the few available sets, you could have joined 25 others crammed around a black-and-white picture to see the game end in a 1-1 draw. It was a tie that hurt, for it now seemed as if East Germany would have to upset West Germany on Saturday or be eliminated from the Cup.

But on Saturday, as rain lashed into the Olympia Stadium in Berlin, an absurdity happened. The disregarded Socceros of Australia held Chile to a sterile 0-0 tie, and Chile was out. The game had started early, so that by the time the first phalanxes of klaxon-blowing West Germans in red, black and gold visor caps had begun to jostle and shoulder their way into Hamburg's Volksparkstadion, only academic interest remained in the game. Both German teams had qualified for the second round of the World Cup, no matter who won. But nobody seemed to have told the fans or the teams of the two Germanys that a neat, half-pace exhibition game was all that was required. In spite of the political detente—and this was the first-ever soccer encounter between the two countries—there was no surplus of brotherly love in evidence. The East German anthem was greeted by boos and whistles. The West German team, despite widespread stories of dissension among its players and an unconvincing style in its previous wins over Chile and Australia, was greeted ecstatically in that low-pitched roar, characteristic of German soccer fans, that seems almost on the edge of hoing until you learn to recognize it. It was hard to pick out the 1,700 privileged East Germans who had been permitted to travel to Hamburg in a sealed train, but they were there all right, a small group in the Gggentribune, the secondary stand, waving smaller flags than the West Germans, in the same colors but distinguishable by the Communist symbol in the center band of the tricolor.

Magnificent football flowed from the West Germans in the first half, from the princely Beckenbauer, from strikers Jürgen Grabowski, Horness, and Gerhard Müller, from technically the most accomplished team in the World Cup. But an English soccer fan, with the decline of his own superb team of 1966 in mind, could recognize disquieting symptoms.

There was the same utter dominance of the midfield that England had, the same grabbing of 90', of the play. But there was also the same weakness beginning to show, an inability to turn this superiority into goals, a psychological impotence overtaking the strikers, an unwillingness to shoot directly, a compulsion to pass the responsibility to others.

In the second half the disability grew worse. Desperately, Beckenbauer, who usually confines himself to passing the ball, came up to try long-range shots. Defenseman Breitner also flailed into the attack. Overath went off with 20 minutes left, to be replaced by Günter Netzer, perhaps the most gifted player on the West German side. As so often in the past, though, other players seemed reluctant to feed him the ball.

Then the unthinkable happened. Jürgen Sparwasser of East Germany broke free in what looked like a forlorn raid, but the West German defense had moved up incautiously far, and Goshie Sepp Maier could not stop the shot. East Germany led 1-0. During the last 10 minutes the Easters stayed in control, square-passing to the fury of the Hamburg crowd until the sweet moment of the final whistle. Instead of disappearing down the tunnel, the whole GDR team ran across the field to cheer in its turn the little band of supporters who were the happiest men in Germany.

Others were not so happy. Week's end found the Scots packing for home despite a brave 1-1 tie with Yugoslavia. They had earned the same number of points as Brazil, but had a single goal scored against them, so Brazil squeezed into round two with Yugoslavia by the narrowest of margins. The Leopards of Zaïre were headed homeward, too, with the Chileans, the Australians, and the teams of Haiti, Uruguay and Bulgaria. Italy, the third favorite before play began, was eliminated when it lost to the powerful Poles. Holland, led by the brilliant Cruyff and 30,000 fans who made the trip to Dortmund Sunday, smashed Bulgaria 4-1 and qualified easily. Argentina and Sweden also made it, although neither can seriously be regarded as a Cup winner.

Predictions are a fool's purview in this uncertain World Cup, but a betting man might well choose Poland and Holland for the final game. As for a winner, can one really resist all that bright orange?

"Hoop, Holland, hoop!"

END

*Flanked by joyous teammates, Josip Kružić celebrates a Dutch goal against Uruguay.*

## PEOPLE

By HAROLD PETERSON

**Chuck Latourette**, punter for the Houston Texans of the World Football League, also is a resident in radiology at M.D. Anderson Hospital. Logically enough, when **Halfback Ward Walsh** cut his chin in a recent practice and needed stitches, Trainer Bob Burkart summoned Dr. Latourette. In best Ben Casey fashion, Latourette washed up and neatly sutured the wound. "It feels good," said Walsh afterward, fingering the five stitches. "He did a good job." Minutes later, Walsh didn't feel quite so good. He learned that he had been unconsciously released. Walsh thus achieved a real pro football distinction. He was cut twice on the same day.

In 1898, at the age of 23, **Charlie Lay** of Tynemouth, England, smoked his first cigar. Forty years later, at the age of 63, he rolled his first lawn-bowling ball. Lay is now three weeks short of 100, still smoking and bowling, and he credits his longevity to cigars, bowling and rum, which he doesn't specify when he first imbibed. "They do me a power of good," he raps. One suspects that such a claim rests more on the toughness of the centenarian than on the formula prescribed, and in this case there is sound evidence. Lay mentions that he once nearly had to give up bowling because arthritis crippled two of his fingers, affecting his game. Not a bloke to take half measures, Lay had the fingers amputated, and resumed bowling.

**Willie Mays** has admitted that he often intentionally made easy catches look hard. "You gotta entertain people," he insists. Although Mays did not say it, his friends in San Francisco also remember that Willie often took unnecessary headfirst slides at home plate and sometimes made it appear that he would never rise

again after a minor collision. "He did things just acting that others couldn't match going all out," says Bill Rigney, his former manager.

Here we have two movie stars, one ex- and one X, off to the races. Dapper **Douglas Fairbanks Jr.** did not exactly lose his shirt at the Derby, though he did lose a little cash when Snow Knight won and the horse he bet on finished out of the money. He would have been well dressed in



any case. Can as much be said for **Linda Lovelace** as the head of Ascot? Well, maybe. The star of *Deep Throat* would not in any case lose her shirt, having already done so.

**Robert Cates** of Baltimore got involved in a game of dice with an Air Force sergeant who later admitted to being something of a pro, and lost a quick \$500. Two days later, Cates recouped part of his loss even faster—by pointing a pistol at the sergeant and forcing him to hand over all the money in his pockets. That amounted to \$180, the other \$320 being the cost of the dice lesson. Arrested and convicted of robbery with a deadly weapon, Cates appealed. His lawyers argued that gambling is illegal (In fact, anyone who loses at gambling in Maryland can sue to recover his loss.) Therefore, they

said, Cates had a right to the money and it was not robbery to take back his own property. The appeal judges conceded that Cates could be acquitted under the laws of some states, mostly in the West, but snuffed, "We decline to adopt that reasoning and to substitute, in this state, the rule of the gun for the rule of reason."

When the trading deadline passed without the Houston Astros making a deal for him,



veteran **Philie Outfielder Billy Grabarkewitz** was sorely disappointed. "My home in San Antonio is 198 miles from Houston, and I could almost commute," Grabarkewitz explained, "but that's not the entire reason. I've been wearing this mustache, which I don't like but my wife does. She told me that if I shaved it off, she'd cut her hair real close. I figured if I was traded to Houston I'd have to get rid of the mustache because of Manager Preston Gomez' policy, but my wife would still have to keep her hair long because shaving wasn't my choice." To want to go from a division-leading club to an also-ran, a man must really hate his mustache.

The new insect-tingest champion of the 1974 Survival Symposium at Camp Murray, Wash. is Staff Sgt. **Charles Chapman**.

He munched 102 live red ants in three minutes, thus claiming the world freestyle ant-eating title. "They had a sour almond taste," Chapman reported.

When **Terry Tata** was announced as one of the umpires for a baseball game at the Astrodome, a press-box wit observed, "Tata! He must be from Idaho." To which another reporter added: "Could be. They say he has a good eye."

**Michael Featherstone** and his wife Margaret, who operate a pub in Yorkshire in England, have won the world shouting contest. Mrs. Featherstone retained her title as loudest female mouth with a 109.7 decibel yell (a jet plane just after takeoff is 88), and her husband took the male division at 110 decibels. They are open to offers as cheerleaders, and we are closed to clever remarks about that 0.3 decibel differential.

Jockey **Clyde Mahoney**, a solid performer at River Downs in Cincinnati, missed a few days' work after suffering severe lacerations in a fall. It was not a horse that Mahoney fell from. He was thrown by a 10-speed bicycle.

Montreal Expo Pitcher **Steve Rogers** struck out a computer. Rogers has a degree in engineering, and became a member of the Society of Petroleum Engineers quite some time ago. But no one consulted the society's new computer, a creature of limited imagination. Rogers went in a change of address, and "the computer went bananas," in the words of the society. It simply didn't believe that a professional baseball player was a member or ever could be. So it threw Rogers out at first and even after being corrected is still complaining that Rogers threw it a curve with a little oil on it.

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## Kiss the ball goodbye

**In Sacramento it is a mere 233 feet down the line to homer heaven, and nobody leaves a 22-5 thriller**

**A**fter a separation of 13 years, minor league baseball and Sacramento, Calif., were reunited this season. Fans greeted the return of the Solons with warmth and exuberance. Attendance on opening day was a rousing 17,318, and since then the Solons have averaged 3,750 fans a game, tops in the minors this year even though the team has the worst rec-

ord in the Pacific Coast League—18 games below .500.

Why all the fans? Just this: the Solons play in Hughes Stadium, a structure in its fifth decade of service to football and track. That it was never meant for baseball is what makes the game so entertaining—or at least different—there. Rising high in left field to thwart home-run hitters is a 40-foot screen, but it is only 233 feet from home plate. The outside stadium wall behind the seats behind the screen is just 311 feet away, four feet nearer than the fabled short left-field wall in Boston's Fenway Park. The right-field fence is 300 feet off and a poke of 390 feet can clear the farthest wall, an eight-footer in right center. Result: an average of seven home runs a game. The season's 250th home run was hit at Hughes Stadium not long ago and a grand total of 500 for 1974 seems well within reach.

It need hardly be said that some remarkable games have been played. There was the time Sacramento led Tacoma 9-3 with two out and a man on in the ninth. The visitors then hit four home runs in a row, a double and finally another homer to win 10-9. Two nights later the Solons had their revenge with a 22-7 win, a victory notable in that Sacramento scored 11 straight runs without benefit of a homer. Twice there have been a dozen home runs in a game and last week Spokane and Sacramento combined for 13. Once, two Solons hit grand-slam homers in the same inning.

Sacramento hitters are understandably defensive about their power production in the park and most of them have taken to dividing their home runs into two categories—those that would be good anywhere and cheapies. "It's downright embarrassing when one of my routine pop flies goes for a homer," says Third Baseman Bill McNulty, who has hit 23 so far.

And Solon pitchers are understandably offensive in their comments about their ERAs. The team ERA is 6.46, worst in the league by nearly a full run. However, big-league scouts make allowances for pitching performances in Sacramento. When Salt Lake City visited Hughes Stadium recently, John Cumberland held the Solons to eight hits. Two were infield singles, six were home runs. That was good enough for the California Angels, who called Cumberland up.

The manager of the Solons is Bob Lemon, the former pitching star of the

Cleveland Indians. Though he feels a professional empathy for the plight of his pitchers, Lemon thinks they should feel sorry for him, too. Managing at Hughes Stadium is a drag.

Because of the tiny outfield, it often takes two hits to score a runner from second base. Thus the Solons seldom bunt, almost never hit-and-run and have given up trying to score from third on fly balls to left. Hughes Stadium is still waiting for its first triple.

Runners on first have been forced at second on clean singles to left. Runners have been unable to advance from second to third on singles to left. Four or five runners have been doubled off first on flies to the outfield.

"It's like pro basketball," says Lemon. "You call a time-out in the last two minutes and that's when the game is won. I let them play for eight innings and then try to win it. You never have it won and you're never out of it."

In a recent home game a 19-year-old Sacramento pitcher named Roger Miller became a hero of sorts by not giving up any home runs. He was the first Solon hurler to achieve this feat. Miller said his next goal was to pitch the first Hughes Stadium shutout.

But despite the embarrassment of the hitters, the anger of the pitchers, the frustration of the manager and the record of the team, Solon fans can't get enough of their darlings.

At one point during the ninth inning of Sacramento's 15-run win over Tacoma, Lemon glowered up at the stands. "It was the kind of game I dreamed about as a pitcher," he said. "The thing that made me mad was we were ahead by 17 runs and nobody had left the ball park." Just another cliffhanger for the Solons.

## THE WEEK

June 16-21

by JIM KAPLAN

**AL EAST** The Yankees lost to Detroit when a throw from Centerfielder Elliott Maddox skipped, hit Third Baseman Graig Nettles over the left eye and allowed Bill Freehan to score the winning run in a 2-2 game that moved Detroit into second place. This was the division's oddest contribution to a week filled



with mishap, argument, grandeur and force—a baseball theater of the extraordinary in which Detroit (5-13) had the best record and possibly the best managers.

Fine, however, was tempered. Milwaukee asked a free-beer night—18,871 customers were allowed two cups apiece—but brewed no misbehavior. Behaving ably themselves, the Milwaukee players, posed by Tim Johnson's two hits, beat Baltimore 8-6.

The Indians anticipated real trouble when they visited Boston. They had a 22-12 record against West Division teams, but were just 10-19 in the East. To the rescue came Gaylord Perry (9-1 lifetime against the Red Sox), who won 11-0 on four hits for his 13th straight victory. With approximately 25 starts remaining, he has a good chance to become a 30-game winner.

A hot Boston pitcher, Luis Tiant, beat Oakland 2-1 for his seventh win in his last eight starts. And Baltimore's Mike Cuellar stopped Minnesota 1-0 for his ninth straight.

BOS 30-28 DET 30-30 BAL 34-32  
CLEV 33-32 NY 34-38 MIL 37-23

## NL WEST

Kansas City's Steve Busby beat Milwaukee 2-0 to become the first no-hitter pitcher of 1974 and the first man to throw no-hitters in his first two big-league seasons: the no-hitter Detroit 3-0 on April 27, 1973. Busby was a reluctant hero. Recalling remarks roommate Paul Splittorff had made, Busby said, "He told me only certain types of pitchers can throw a no-hitter. Hemenstaden Nolan Ryan. Then me. I climbed all over him. I'm no no-hitter pitcher."

When the Royals heard Carl Yastrzemski quoted as to how poorly the A's, particularly Catfish Hunter, had been playing, they panned into Oakland claiming they would leave there leading the division. Whereupon the A's, stimulated by Hunter's 4-9 shutout pitching, took three straight. Oakland's typically tumultuous week began when Ted Kubiak made a costly base-running mistake and Reggie Jackson and Bill North again clashed—colliding accidentally while chasing a Bill Sudakis fly ball in a 5-3 loss to New York. The A's stayed in first when Texeira blew a couple of chances to catch them. But Ferguson Jenkins rebounded, beating California 12-3, his first win since May 22.

Despite a 5-2 week featuring 50 runs in seven games and Jim Kaat's 20th career victory, Chicago had some forgettable moments. Such as the time Ron Santo apparently struck out on a 3-2, two-out pitch with Dick Allen and Ken Henderson running. Minnesota Crutcher Randy Hundley, thinking it was strike two and the White Sox were attempting a double steal, swung wildly to third. Allen scored and Henderson was thrown out at home, but the umpires ruled

that Santo had ended the inning by indeed striking out. Minnesota won 3-2.

California's relief corps has become known as "the arson squad," because it lights fires in enemy bats. All but Barry Razano. Until last week. He took his 0.93 ERA into a game against Boston and allowed three earned runs in one-third of an inning. Razano and his bullpen mates have allowed 68 runs in 139 innings and contributed just six saves.

In Minnesota it was announced that Harmon Killebrew will be given a farewell after 20 years with the organization. The tribute was not initiated by Twins management, which tried to make a coach of him, cut his salary and left him out of the 1973 highlights film, but by Twin City writers, who will toast baseball's fifth-leading home-run hitter before the Aug. 11 game with Baltimore.

OAK 37-31 TEX 36-33 CHI 31-31  
KC 32-33 CAL 28-41 MINN 35-38

## NL EAST

Faith faltered in New York as the Yon-Gotta-Believe Mets lost six of eight and fell to last place. In a game they won, the Mets committed five errors, lost Tom Seaver after five innings with an aching bunck and nearly lost out in the ninth when Ken Boswell and Wayne Garrett collided chasing a grounder.

Although the Phillies stayed in first, they were becoming very reliant on Pitchers Jim Lomberg (9-5) and Steve Carlton (9-5), who got credit for seven of Philadelphia's eight wins in one stretch. "Maybe I'll be able to think up a Spahn-and-Son-type rhyme for them," said Manager Donny Ozark. A happy complication to the rhyme scheme came in the form of Wayne Twissel's first victories since off-season surgery.

Montreal won three times and was embarrassed three times. In a 12-3 loss to Cincinnati, Leftfielder Bob Bailey allowed an extra run to score with a lackadaisical throw to the infield. Ron Woods and Jim Cox played do-si-do and let a fly ball drop and Catcher Barry Foote caught a pop-up, tried to pull it out of his glove and dropped it. "I'll tell you one thing," said Manager Gene Mauch. "Steve Rogers will beat the Cardinals." Instead, his 7-8 ace was defeated 4-3 by Cardinal stopper Lynn McLouth (10-3). The Expos also were humbled 5-1 by a combination of 37-year-old Sonny Seibert and 38-year-old Reliever Orlando Pena.

Pittsburgh extended its winning streak to six after sweeping series from the Giants and Dodgers and advanced from sixth to fourth. Rick Reuschel got Chicago's first shutout in two months, halting Pittsburgh's streak 3-0 on a nifty 12-hitter.

PHIL 37-32 ST. L 34-31 MONT 30-30  
PITT 38-38 CHI 37-36 NY 38-41

## NL WEST

Were these truly the first-place Dodgers—or the old Brooklyn Bums? It was hard to tell in a game with Pittsburgh. Here is the scene: bases loaded, two outs, 3-and-2 count on Joe Ferguson. On the pitch he appears to take a called strike. Lee Lacy, who is on third, thinks so, and heads for the dugout. Pirate Catcher Manny Sanguen thinks so, and rolls the ball toward the mound. Jim Wynn, who is on second, thinks Ferguson has walked, and runs home. Lacy changes his mind and follows suit. Chaos. When players, managers and umpires settle down, the verdict is that Ferguson has walked. Wynn is declared out for passing Lacy and Lacy is safe at home. Pittsburgh Manager Danny Murruga protests, but the Pirates make it academic by winning 7-3.

All the Dodgers needed to clear their heads were a couple of games with San Francisco. Ex-Bay Area residents Bill Buckner and Ferguson each won a game with a homer. Even when they were beating the Cards 5-4, the Giants looked sloppy. With Garry Maddox on first, Ed Goodson hit a shot that St. Louis Centerfielder Mike McVie seemed to catch. Goodson rounded first and Maddox passed him on his way back to first. Actually, the ball had touched McVie's glove, fallen over the wall and been returned to him by a stadium attendant. McVie then threw the ball to the infield, causing the confusion. Goodson was given credit for a single but ruled out for passing Maddox on the bases. Maddox was allowed to score from first. Pitcher Jim Barr, who shut out St. Louis, censured his teammates for such misplays and was willing to be raked over in return. "What we need is more criticism, more talk," said he, borrowing a chapter from the Oakland success story. But the Giants were just four games out of the cellar.

Atlanta continued as baseball's hottest team, taking four of six in its sixth straight winning week and rising to second place. "Credit Herrn," said Reliever Tom House of Pitching Coach Hern Starnette. House himself preserved shutouts for Buzz Capra and Carl Monton. Cincinnati had a frustrating (3-3) week. Only Clay Carroll, normally a reliever but a 5-0 shutout winner in his first start of the season, provided bravado. "I ain't braggin'" but it seems like when we're in this type of situation, I'm the one. I got all the pitches." Houston's Larry Dierker (5-3) has, too. His is the second-best ERA (1.85) in the league, but is only third of his 14 starts have the Astros given him more than four runs.

The Padres, who had their third straight winning week, got wins over the Cubs from youngsters Dave Freuden (6-2), Dan Spillner (3-1) and Larry Hardy (6-2).

LA 46-33 ATL 36-38 CIN 37-38  
HOUS 34-38 SF 33-38 SD 30-43

## My, what a strange ending

Eagling the final hole, Curtie Strange, a freshman at Wake Forest, won the NCAA championship for the Deacons and the individual title for himself

A college golf coach is equal parts: fidgiest and fussy, worry and anxiety. Watching one at a tournament is like studying the moves of a rookie father in a maternity ward. Only worse. Childbirth never takes 72 holes. Coaches play hump and run on the course, hiding behind foliage, disguising themselves as electric golf carts, stalking their players as furiously as the CIA. They fret a lot. That's their job—fretting. And handing out golf balls. Usually their sage advice can be distilled straight down to this: "Do better."

They were all at the NCAA golf championship in San Diego last weekend, squawking, exhorting, praying, wondering, hoping and giving with a lot of body English. They were easy to spot. Most had on straw hats, and they kept sticking money into the ballwasher and yelling about how the stupid machine would not give them any cigarettes.

The NCAA tournament is bigger than big and in some ways smaller than small, simply because college golf is mostly consigned to agate type. But for the participants the NCAA is four days of concentrated torture, where the coaches find themselves puffing on three cigarettes at once and the players stand in line when the driving range opens at 6 a.m. A total of 224 players from 79 schools showed up at Carlton Oaks Country Club in Santee, a San Diego suburb, each of them carrying a dream as the 15th club in his bag.

The college game deserves more notice. All but eight tournaments on the 1973 pro tour were won by former collegians. The colleges are golf's sandhogs, an incubator where the players receive the finest equipment, instruction and competition. And even though Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus never graduated, anyone who knows the difference between a lateral and a parallel water hazard can tell you their former colleges are Wake Forest and Ohio State. Some

big golf schools like Florida have 30 players on their squads.

The University of Houston is to college golf what UCLA is to basketball, with 12 NCAA titles and four seconds since 1956. But the Cougars' chances were slim last week, since defending champion Florida was minus only one player from 1973.

The Gators' best golfer was Gary Koch, a child prodigy who learned how to putt as a babe and so far has not grown up and forgotten. The other players call him "Draiii" because that is what his ball usually does. He and teammates Phil Hancock and Andy Bean had paced Florida to victories in six of nine tournaments this season, although the team was beaten by Southern California in the Artee Invitational held earlier over the same Carlton Oaks course. "We're going to have a different attitude this week," promised Florida Coach Buster Bishop.

For the first time in four years there was speculation about who would win the individual title, since in the previous tournaments the NCAA could have saved everyone a lot of scorekeeping by just mailing the trophy to Ben Cronshaw, although he did share it with Texas teammate Tom Kite in 1972. This year's roster of title candidates was as long as Sly Stone's wedding reception guest list and included Koch and Hancock, plus Southern Cal's Craig Stadler, the U.S. Amateur champion, of whom one coach said, "The reason he plays so well is that he's got short legs."

Curtie Strange, a freshman phenom at Wake Forest, also merited consideration. He is a friend of former Wake star Larry Wadkins and like him started winning as soon as he traded in his pacifier for a putter. Using a driver Wadkins gave him, Strange had won four tournaments this year.

Wake Forest's team was so young that



STRANGE'S NO TIED A TOURNAMENT MARK

the players needed an accompanying adult in order to ride in a golf cart. The team had two freshmen, a pair of sophomores and a junior. Even so the Deacons had their usual wealth of talent, but the question was: Would they finally put it together for a win? Coach Jesse Haddock ("You spell it just like the fish") was burdened with snide comments because his teams had held third-round leads in several NCAAAs but had never won, despite such aces as Wadkins, Eddie Pearce, Jim Simons, Leonard Thompson and Joe Inman Jr.

Joining Strange were soph Jay Haas, a nephew of Bob Gyalby and the low amateur in the U.S. Open, and freshman Bob Byman, a former U.S. junior champion. Strange and Byman share a Buddy Wershman memorial scholarship, which was established by Arnold Palmer, a good friend of Haddock's.

To the people of Winston-Salem, Wake Forest golf is rated right up there with the invention of the filter tip. When Wadkins and Simons played in the 1972 Walker Cup matches in Scotland, 80 Wake hoisters chartered a jet and flew to the matches.

Haddock, the Deacons' coach for 15

...approaches his job with real and meticulous attention to detail. His favorite word is "discipline" and, although some opponents sneer at the boy scout appearance of Wake Forest's players, the discipline seems to work. Wake spent Florida in the Chris Schenkel Intercollegiate, the teams' only previous meeting this year. Personable and courteous in the manner of the Old South, Haddock is a master recruiter. Palmer sometimes encourages a hesitant high school prospect, but Haddock covers all eventualities. He first wrote Watkins when Lanny was only 13 years old, and Samons wound up marrying one of Haddock's daughters.

Haddock drifts into his gollers that they are members of a team playing an individualistic game. "That's all I thought about today, playing for the team," said Strange after shooting a record-tying 65 in the third round. "Everybody sort of kids us about the way Coach Haddock treats us. He wants us always

looking men and you could never throw a club. But I think the record shows that he has the right idea about coaching. He's real good psychologically. We come to a golf tournament to do just one thing: play golf. We can party later."

With Phil Hancock and Gary Koch sailing along under par, Florida jumped into a four-stroke lead after the first two rounds, with Houston and Southern California dropping far behind. But despite playing the third round in only two over par, the Gators led Wake Forest by a mere five strokes going into the final round on Saturday. "It's going to be a long day," mused a cautious Coach Bishop. Strange meanwhile, held a two-stroke lead over Koch and Hancock in the individual race and was threatening to join Ben Crenshaw as the only freshman to win the title.

On Saturday, Haddock and the rest of the coaches resembled harried generals receiving sketchy reports from their scouts. Haddock's face was haunted a

little when Luke posted one bright score. "I'm not nervous, I take time to go back to my room for my sustenance," he explained.

The finish could not have been more theatrical. With only him and Gary Koch left on the course, Strange stood on the fairway of the par-5 18th. This was the situation a herdg would catch the team title for Wake Forest. An eagle would win the individual title for Strange by one stroke over Koch and Hancock. Strange pulled out a one-iron and hit it perfectly, the ball stopping six feet from the cup. Later he said that he was not even trying that hard to make the putt, that he just wanted to insure the team title, but the eagle attempt edged up to the hole, caught the right side of the cup and dropped.

It probably was the only time that a player won two titles on the final hole. Jesse Haddock and the rest of the Deacons mobbed Strange on the green. It had been a long wait for Wake. **END**

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## Smooth and rude and fast

The national title was settled at a new regatta where a bootload of rugged individualists from Harvard treated host Washington most discourteously

They call themselves The Smooth and The Rude, and they flew to Seattle last week to show the world why. It was Harvard vs. Washington in a truly national crew championship. But it was more than that. It was "expletive deleted" versus "Oh, shucks." It was Throwing a Moon at your roommate's girl friend—this being a bit of collegiate exuberance in which one's bare rear is briefly and unexpectedly presented to view, versus "We do a lot of fun things." Harvard is strong on mooning and out West virtue was not rewarded. Poor Washington. Fair Harvard was far smoother, both on the water and with its wit and zany worldliness ashore. And ruder, too.

The big race was the 2,000-meter varsity eights, and at first it was a contest, with somebody in the Washington boat shrieking like a maniac. But at 200 meters, with Harvard just ahead, the Crimson stroke leaned over his gunwale and crowed, "So long, Huskies."

At 500 meters Harvard held its lead, and the Washington coxswain yelled to

his men, "They're not gaining on us." But Harvard would be Harvard. "Bleep bleep," retorted its coxswain loudly, and his crew went on to win by open water, capping an undefeated season. Smooth indeed. "But I was truly rude," insisted the stroke, grinning and pleased. The time was 5:55.2, breaking the course record of 6:01. Washington, best in the West this year, was six seconds back.

It was billed as the Intercollegiate Championship Regatta, the first of what is hoped will be an annual event. It was a Washington idea, Coach Dick Erickson's. "We've never had a way of determining a national champion," said Erickson. And he had a point. The IRA regatta, held in Syracuse each spring, has claimed to be the nationals, but its claim was not sound. Many crew powers miss it more often than not. California, Washington and Harvard, for example, because of conflicts with final exams. Then there were the Spring. The Easterns, won by Harvard this year, produce a strictly Eastern champion, and the

Westerns, won by Washington, a Western one. But the teams never met. Enter Seattle, with a late June date to avoid exam problems, and the Eastern and Western champions in attendance. And the way things went during the season made the claim of "National championship" look very good. Wisconsin won the IRA, softening earlier defeats by both Washington and Harvard. But on the way to Seattle, Harvard made a stop and beat Wisconsin again—twice, in fact, on consecutive days. Clearly the Crimson was ready to row for the national championship. Seven schools sent crews to Seattle, but it was all Harvard and Washington—mostly Harvard. The Crimson swept three of four events—the varsity eights, the varsity four with coxswain and the junior varsity eight, the last at 6:00.8, also breaking the course record. Washington salvaged the freshman eights. But it had never seen anything like Harvard, and Harvard seemed to think it was on another planet.

There were the nicknames, for example, and their owners. At stroke for Washington was Jim Brinsfield, 6'4" and 198. They call him Blimp, and he explains, "We had a contest two years ago to see who could get over 200 pounds. I am a guy who did could pick his own nickname. I picked Blimp."

The Harvard Stroke is Alan ("So long, Huskies") Shealy. Shealy's new ambition, after seeing Seattle, is to fly a plane around the Space Needle, hanging out the window naked, reciting the famous



STROKED BY ALAN (BOYSEY) SHEALY, THE CRIMSON EIGHT BOOMS DOWN MONT LAKE CANAL TO A COURSE RECORD



Patrow speech. Until he manages that, he will pursue other hobbies, one of which made a Wellesley girl faint dead away last year. Sheely wears up batteries, flash-bulbs and firecrackers. He places the devices in dark but not empty rooms. The ladies faint. Their men get furious. They call Sheely "Bomber."

At seven oar for Washington is Fred Fox, who admits to being "the wildest guy on the boat." He does things like placing lots of shaving cream on beds or on phone receivers. Last year he put a plastic cow in the campus pond. Fred Fox's nickname is Larry.

His Harvard counterpart does not need a nickname. His name is Steve Row. Once, while he was trying to sleep, some guy was making noise. So Row ran out, decked the fellow and stood over him with an ax. "Lucky thing I had the ax," he says, "or I might have killed him." Row's nickname is Mad Dog.

Down the line, the six, five and four oars for Washington are Mike Cole, or Imco; Mark Norelius, or Noro, and Dwight Roesch, or Ike. At four for Harvard is Christopher (Tiff) Wood, better known as Moon Man. They all speak fondly of "moon runs" in Wood's Audi with the big windows.

The two crews had taken widely different paths to their sport. Eight of the nine in the Harvard boat had attended exclusive prep schools—Kent, Phillips-Andover, Belmont Hill—and five of them had rowed for four years or more before Harvard. The Huskies were a public high school bunch, and all but one had come from Washington—from Issaquah and Walla Walla and Ellensburg, on the Washington desert. At Seattle and Cambridge the styles of their lives continued to diverge. As a Harvard JV oar put it, "People think we live at the boat-house, but these guys really do." They had seen the Huskie crew's low and homely dorm, its front yard all docks and brown Lake Washington, its basement filled with racks of boats and oars, its main floor filled with dining-room tables and bunk beds, two to a room. And the Harvards could not quite believe this. At Harvard they have suites—one man, one room—carved fireplaces and portraits of bygone Harvards, and on the walls outside enough ivy to start their own league. For all that, however, it was Harvard that seemed to be engaged in a perpetual belching contest.

The Smooth and the Rude. To be rude

means to be coarse, to belch, to own a race and say, "You guys stunk," to throw moons, to be obvious and unsuitable and uncivil. Harvard had its rude regulars, though some were smooth as smooth. There was Three oar, Ed Woodhouse, the smoothest—a football cheerleader with teeth so white and smile so right, with hair so blond, and manner so ingratiating that a group of Japanese journalists, doing a series on U.S. college life last year, picked him as their All-American boy. And there was Blair Brooks, the 6'5" bow, a junior with one foot in medical school and the demeanor of a middle-aged brain surgeon; and coxswain David Weinberg, who after four years of crew and Harvard still seems lost in wonderment. "When it came to choosing colleges, there was really no choice at all," he recalls. "There was the romantic appeal of rowing for Harvard. And of course there was the legend of Harry Parker."

Yes, Harry Parker, a legend at 38. There would always be hope for smooth in Harvard crew, with Harry Parker. He had rowed three years at Pennsylvania and had finished second in the single skulls at Henley. In 1961 he became the Harvard freshman coach, two years later its varsity coach. It took him awhile, but from 1964 through 1968 his crews were undefeated. After that he lost a few, a very few, but here he was again, undefeated, a god to his young men.

"He's one of the most incredible people I've ever met," says Harvard JV Stroke Rick Grogan. "At 38 he can run with any of us. He's not very big, but he's the classic example of 'It's not how big you are, but how tightly you're wound.' He comes up to the ergometer, watches and never says a word. But you see him there and it gives you a tremendous incentive. We'd do anything for him. We'd walk off cliffs for him."

And there Parker was at the farewell banquet, his angular face calm amid lunacy. One of his men lay on the floor, after a great many gin and tonics. Belches reverberated. Three oarsmen ran naked around the dining room, past a waitress who made believe she didn't see. And though Parker's sensibilities must have suffered, he sat and accepted it all. And at the end, not much for words, he got up and made a little speech, saying, "It's been that kind of season. I wish it could go on and on."

"How smooth," someone said, "how really smooth."

END



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## Chris Evert wins a triple

**The filly with the tennis name is  
the four-legged woman of the year**

If Chris Evert, the tennis player, is forced at Wimbledon to endure what befell Chris Evert, the 3-year-old champion filly, at Belmont Park last week, she will lose her skirt at an introductory ceremony, top off her finals match by tripping over the net and still end up with the silverware.

Well, almost. At the 58th running of the Coaching Club American Oaks, the

classic mile and a half that is to fillets what the Belmont Stakes is to male 3-year-olds, Chris Evert did have her problems. Just before the race began, jockey Jorge Velasquez' saddle slipped and he had to dismount while it was adjusted. In the race itself Chris had to prove to a crowd of 30,269 that made her the odds-on favorite what Owner Carl Rosen and Trainer Joe Trovato had been claiming all along—that this daughter of a nonclassic winner could beat the best of her age and sex at the classic 12-furlong distance. Thus she did perfectly, with a brilliant 3½-length victory. But a little way past the finish line a stirrup strap broke and Velasquez was on the deck again, this time getting kicked in the back by another filly while the riderless Chris galloped off by herself on a post-race sprint. After an ambulance ride back to the winner's circle, Velasquez painfully remounted the corralled champion to pose with her entourage and the assorted goodies that

go to the Oaks winner in addition to a check for \$68,520 out of the race's gross purse of \$114,200.

Chris Evert was bought for \$32,000 at the Keeneland yearling sales in 1972 by Rosen, who is president of Puritan Fashions, the company whose tennis clothes Wimbledon's Chris Evert endorses. "I think it's great to have a horse named after me," Miss Evert said last week in England. "It's very flattering. I've never met my namesake in the flesh, or watched her race. But I hope it won't be long before I get the chance to see her in action."

"I'd like to invite her to Saratoga to see the filly in the Alabama," responded Rosen, whose modest five-horse string also includes a colt named after Yankee Outfielder Bobby Murcer. The filly's trainer, Trovato, who worked for a while as a jockey's agent before serving an apprenticeship under the highly successful trainer, Bobby Brinkel, has done a masterful job with Chris Evert. A year ago

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he waited patiently until mid-September before starting the young filly. She then won four out of five races, losing only the Friezette, and that because of an atrocious start. Many felt that she, rather than Talking Picture, should have been given the Eclipse award as the best 2-year-old filly.

There is no doubt that this time around she will win the Eclipse statuette for 3-year-olds. She has taken the Acorn, the Mother Goose and now the Coaching Club American Oaks, a trio of races that New Yorkers consider the Triple Crown for Fillies. All three events have been run for a long time, but in 1961 the New York Racing Association decided to group them into a series with a special Triple Crown trophy. Before Chris Evert, the sweep had been accomplished only by Dark Mirage in 1968 and Shuvee in 1969. Even so, Chris Evert's name will probably be accompanied by an asterisk in the record book, because the first of the three events, the one-mile Acorn, was run

in two divisions and Fred Hooper's Special Team won the first half before Chris came on to take the nighcap. When the two met in the Mother Goose at a mile and an eighth, Special Team finished a dismal 10th, while the victorious Chris held off John Galbreath's fast-closing Maud Muller. Last week a lot of people around thoroughbred racing figured that Maud Muller, who is by the outstanding sire Graustark out of the champion mare Primonetta, would be much better suited to the Oaks distance than Chris. Or, at any rate, they thought if Maud Muller could not win at a mile and a half, then neither could a daughter of Swoon's Son who, despite his 14th-place ranking on the sires' all-time money-earned list (his \$970,605 puts him just behind Dr. Fager, one of the 13 millionaires ahead of him), is not thought of as a classic sire. Such speculation did not sit well with Trovato, who exclaimed before the race, "Who's to say who can go the distance and who can't?"

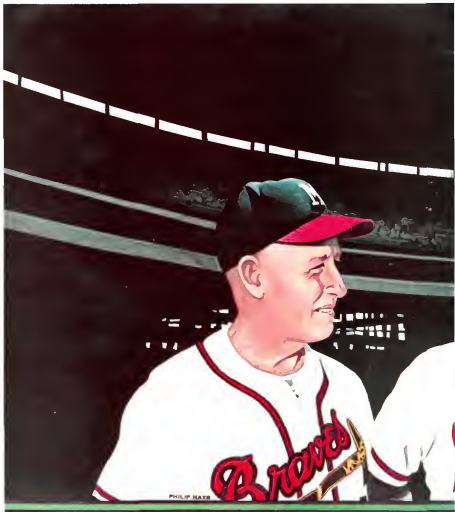
Indeed, who is to say? Taking the lead away from long shot Fleet Image soon after the start, Chris Evert maintained it along the backstretch. Braulio Baeza, up on Maud Muller after suffering a minor leg injury earlier in the day, may have moved a little soon when he put the Galbreath filly on the lead at the half-mile pole. Velasquez simply stayed cool and waited until the head of the stretch before he asked Chris to go after what was rightfully hers. When she did, the show was over. Chris Evert covered the mile and a half in 2:28½, two-fifths of a second faster than Little Current did in winning his Belmont Stakes by a resounding seven lengths. King Ranch's Fiesta Libre ranged up in the final strides to take second place away from Maud Muller by half a length.

"This is unbelievable," said Trovato. "I thought it would be fantastic to be able to win two of the three, but all three of them is out of this world. Isn't she some kind of a game filly!" **END**



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# A False Spring



*Once a teen-age bonus pitcher who posed so naturally with Whitlow Wyatt and Warren Spahn, the author was afire to join them in major league splendor. What he got was the swamps of Waycross, Georgia*

**by PAT JORDAN**

CONTINUED

## False Spring continued

I see myself daily as I was then, in a photograph on the desk at which I write each morning in my attic room. The photograph was taken on June 27, 1959 at County Stadium in Milwaukee, a few minutes before the Braves were to take the field against the Chicago Cubs, to whom they would lose that day 7-1. I am standing halfway between the first-base line and the home team's dugout. Behind me are the stadium's half-filled bleachers. I am wearing a Braves uniform. Although the photograph is in black and white, I see all the colors. My cap has a navy crown, a white M and a red bill. My flannel uniform is the color of cream. Shirt and pants are trimmed with a half-inch-wide, three-part stripe of black, red and black satin. The word Braves is scripted in red and outlined in black at a slight upward angle across the front of the shirt. Beneath the script is a black and gold tomahawk. Below the tomahawk in the left-hand corner of the shirt are large block numerals: 24. They, too, are in red and outlined in black. Unseen in the photograph, but clear in my mind's eye, is the small gold patch stitched onto the shirt sleeve below my left shoulder. It is the face of an Indian of indeterminate tribe, contorted by a war cry.

Standing to my right is Whitlow Wyatt, the Braves' 51-year-old pitching coach. Wyatt is smiling at me. My gaze, however, is directed to my left, to Warren Spahn, the Braves' great left-handed pitcher, who has just spoken to me. Both Spahn and I are perspiring. We had just finished running wind sprints in the outfield and apparently were on our way to the clubhouse to change shirts when we stopped to pose for this photograph. For whom? Some faceless fan leaning over the dugout roof, imploring, whose good fortune it was to catch us in an obliging mood? We strike up a pose—so casual—and wait for the camera's click. To pass this moment as he has innumerable others like it, Spahn, hands on hips, turns to me and makes some bit of small talk, a phrase meant only to fill this instant and lead nowhere. I listen. Nonchalantly, hands on hips also, I listen

to Spahn. To Spahn. To Spahn. To Spahn who is talking to me, so much younger and yet, with my amused smile, looking so at ease. Today I am amazed at how truly at ease I do look, at how naturally, in that uniform, I did fit between those men, Spahn and I, the best of friends, I, too, having done this small thing so often, having struck up this obliging pose for so many fans, waiting only for the camera's click before tossing off a remark at which Spahn and I would laugh on the way into the clubhouse to change our shirts.

I was 18 years old the day that photograph was taken. Actually it had been arranged by the publicity department of the Braves, with whom I had just signed my first professional baseball contract. The gaudy and impressive uniform was one reason I had signed with the Braves rather than any of the other 15 teams that had also offered me a contract. There were other reasons. The Braves had agreed to pay for my college education, to pay me a salary of \$500 per month during each baseball season, and to deposit in my savings account every June 27, for the next four years, a certified check for \$8,750. All told, my bonus amounted to more than \$45,000 distributed over a four-year period. It was one of the largest bonuses—if not the largest—any young player received from the Braves in 1959.

For my part I promised to leave Milwaukee the following morning on a flight to McCook, Neb., where I would begin my professional career as a pitcher with the McCook Braves of the Class D Nebraska State League. I pitched in the minor leagues for three years, in such towns as McCook, Davenport, Waycross, Eau Claire and Palatka, before I was given my unconditional release by those same Milwaukee Braves. I never did pitch a game in Milwaukee's County Stadium, nor did I ever again speak to Warren Spahn. I did, however, keep the cash.

I woke with the first light of day, feeling the chill from the mist that had moved in from the swamp during the night and bound the camp like a mummy in its gray and gauzy embrace. From my window in one of the barracks I could see over the top of the low-lying haze to the line of trees that marked the beginning of the swamp a hundred yards away. The mist was woven between the trunks of the trees, which seemed to be growing directly up from it. They were mostly tall pines and weeping cottonwoods with thin, tentacle-like limbs that drooped earthward and disappeared in the mist. The cottonwoods were draped with a filmy gray moss that hung eerily from their limbs like cobwebs. Through the spaces between the trunks of the trees appeared shafts of sunlight. These yellow shafts fanned out across the open space that separated the swamp from the camp. They faded and dissolved in the mist before they reached the ground. Soon the heat from the sunlight would loosen the bonds of the mist and it would evaporate and the camp would begin to stir. But now, at six o'clock in the morning, nothing stirred and the only signs of life came from the swamp beyond the trees where strange birds cried and alligators slapped their tails as they woke from the mud in which they had slept.

The Milwaukee Braves' minor league spring training camp was situated at the edge of the Okefenokee Swamp in

*Minor league camp: variously a place of hope or "isolation ward."*



Waycross, Ga., a town of 20,000 in the southeastern corner of the state. Half a mile square and surrounded by the swamp, the camp contained nine wooden buildings, five baseball diamonds and a cylindrical brick rotunda resembling a giant rook chess piece. The rotunda was 15 feet in diameter and two stories high. On its roof, deck chairs faced the diamonds below, which fanned out like the petals of a flower. Their home plates were closest to the rotunda (about 20 yards away) and all but one of the outfield picket fences were at the edge of the swamp. It was not uncommon during games to see an outfielder suddenly flee his position, run to the bench, grab a bat and return to the outfield to beat to death a snake that had slithered through the fence.

From the top of the rotunda one could see everything. A few hundred yards to the north was a large wooden building that served as both the dressing room and training room for the 250 to 300 players in camp. A tar road ran alongside it, a road that twisted through the swamp to the highway leading to Waycross, 15 miles away. Across the road from the dressing room was an open space dotted with a few pine trees where players who had brought cars could park them. Next to the parking lot was a building with offices for scouts, coaches, managers and front-office personnel. Fifty yards or so north of that building were six army-style barracks where everyone slept. They looked identical—long, narrow, wooden structures that resembled covered bridges. The barracks were parallel to one another and at right angles to the main office building. The coaches, scouts, managers and front-office people slept in the first barracks, the white U.S. players in the next three, the Spanish-speaking players in the fifth and the black players in the sixth, the one closest to the swamp. Near the barracks and the swamp was a small, boxy building—the cafeteria. It had a screen door with a strong spring, as did all the buildings in camp, and each day was punctuated by the thousand slaps of those doors shutting.

I had begun spring training that year, 1960, with the Milwaukee Braves' top minor league team, the Louisville Colonels of the Triple A American Association. The Colonels were training at a small, neat park across the street from the more elaborate stadium used by the Braves in Bradenton, Fla., a resort town on the Gulf Coast inhabited mainly by aged Northerners who had retired in the sun. I had my own hotel room, for which the Colonels paid \$25 a day. The hotel was of pink stucco and surrounded by palm trees—the first I had ever seen—and tropical plants with gigantic shiny leaves. I was given \$15 a day for meals and other expenses and I spent most of that on Ban-Lon jerseys of every possible hue and a pair of lemon-colored slacks. I was too embarrassed to wear once they were mine. During those early weeks of spring training the Colonels were composed of young prospects like me and older veterans who had abandoned hope of making that short walk across the street to the big-league team.

One such veteran was Ed Charles, a black infielder in his mid-20s. Charles, unlike most of the others, would reach the major leagues, where he would star for the New York Mets in the 1969 World Series. He had the hotel room next to mine. His roommate was Jack Littrell, an infielder with



Minor league camp: Debbie Drake on TV was every morning fare

a thick body, an unintelligible Southern drawl and a face like a bloodhound. Littrell had played briefly in the majors and now, at 31, was beginning his fourth straight year in the minors, from which he would never escape.

They were a strange couple. They never slept. As I lay in my bed I could hear the two men talking, drinking, swapping hunting stories through the night. Always at about 3 a.m. Charles would raise his favorite shotgun, take careful aim at a covey of pheasants swooping across his ceiling and blast them out of the sky, while Littrell howled in imitation of his favorite hound dog.

I stayed with the Colonels until the Braves made their first roster cuts. Those players walked across the street to the Colonels' camp, and all of the rookies there, like me, were promptly shipped by train to Waycross. At the time, I had pitched only two inconsequential innings (one earned run, three walks) in an intrasquad game but was still under the delusion the Braves had glimpsed something in my erratic 3-3 performance the previous summer at McCook that, although it had escaped even me, had convinced them I should play at Louisville in 1960. What I did not know was that it was the policy of most major league organizations to give their young prospects a taste of life at the top (or, as in my case, near the top) during at least one spring training, then, upon experiencing minor league camps at such places as Waycross, they would be inspired to rise to a level of play that would guarantee their never going back.

Furthermore, baseball clubs, unlike most employers, believed young prospects should be started at the top of their profession each spring and then be allowed to sink to the true level of their ability. It was not uncommon for a player to begin spring training with a major league team and work his way down through the minor league system until he finished the season in Class D. Each drop was mildly traumatic and often produced a confusion and panic that affected a player's performance in a way that all but ensured the next drop. Often an organization knew precisely at what level a prospect would play but kept this knowledge from him so that his anxiety mounted as his stature declined.

*continued*

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## False Spring

I lay shivering beneath the cold sheets of my cot in the third barracks at Waycross. Around me other players slept. The cots, only a few feet apart, were lined up at right angles to both long walls so that from mine I was looking directly at the feet of a player on the opposite side. The room was long and narrow, with about 20 cots against each wall. In the middle was a picnic table and an old electric heater that was turned on against each morning's rawness by the first player to wake up. At one end of the room was a screen door leading outside to the cafeteria; at the other end were two partitions on either side of a narrow hallway. Behind the partitions were lavatories consisting of a few sinks, a long urinal and three doorless toilet stalls. The stalls were littered with *Playboy* centerfolds and pages from *The Sporting News*. Farther down the hall were four small private rooms. Each was occupied by a veteran—one who had returned for two or more years without having been invited to the major league camp at Bradenton.

In 1960 I was in my first spring training and the thought that someday I might be accorded such preferential treatment filled me with pleasurable anticipation. When finally I did return to Waycross for the second straight year I, too, was given my own cubicle. And, like those veterans I had envied, I, too, hooked up my elaborate stereo system and I, too, saw in the eyes of the younger players who slept at the other end of the barracks a look of envy as they passed my room. But by then I took no pleasure from that room, that meager compensation for a stalled and fading career. I soon hated it, saw it for what it was—a cell; the isolation ward in which I had been quarantined so as not to contaminate those younger players with the virus of my incurable failure.

I got out of bed and turned on the electric heater. From the center of the room I could see into the hallway where two players, wearing only shorts, were studying a bulletin board. Every morning before daylight one of the scouts would pin sheets of colored paper to that board. On each of the sheets was typed the name of one of the camp's minor league managers—Alex Monchak, Red Murf, Joe Brown, Billy Smith, Travis Jackson, Bill Steinecke—and below it, in two neat col-



urns, the names of the players who were assigned to him for the day's game. The players' names shifted from manager to manager during the course of spring training. The manager under whose name a player appeared on the last day of spring training would be the manager with whom he would begin the season. At Waycross there was no official mention of the teams those managers would lead during the season, but the word got around. Everyone knew that Monchak managed Austin of the Double A Texas League, Murr managed Jacksonville of the Class A Sally League, Brown managed Cedar Rapids of the Class B Three-I League, Smith managed Boise of the Class C Pioneer League and Jackson managed Davenport of the Class D Midwest League. And this year Bill Sternecke would manage Eau Claire of the Class C Northern League.

Small tragedies were played out in the minds of the players as they scanned the board for their names. Those whose careers were shakiest always woke first. They went immediately to the bulletin board and looked for a pink sheet with this message: "Will the players listed below please report to Mr. Cecil's office before nine o'clock this morning." Richard Cecil, a husky, blond young man, was the Braves' assistant farm director—at present he is president of Cecil & Associates, sports and leisure time consultants—and it was his task each morning to hand out unconditional releases. It was an unpleasant job over which he had no control. The decisions had been made the night before by a vote of all the scouts, coaches and managers in camp. Dick Cecil was merely the functionary who, the following morning, would slide a piece of paper across his desk and ask the released player to please sign his name, thus formally terminating his association with the Milwaukee Braves. Some refused, as if they could prolong a career simply by declining to sign the document that ended it. Some signed in stammered silence; others cried, begged, pleaded with Dick Cecil for another chance; and still others exited defiantly, cursing, crumpling the release and flinging it into Dick Cecil's face.

But that was just bravado. Their true feelings had been bared at the moment they read their names on the bulletin board at six o'clock in the morning. Each

moved like a sleepwalker back to his cot and sat for long moments, then looked around the room to see if anyone was watching, then slid his suitcase out from beneath the cot, swung it up and filled it quickly with his belongings, the small space around the cot suddenly bare and soon to be filled by the possessions of some new player in camp. They moved in quick silence so as not to wake others who would then be witness to their humiliation. They got dressed, glanced about the room and left. They let the screen door close with great care so that it would not make its usual fierce slap, and then, without saying goodbye to anyone, often without even picking up their official release from Dick Cecil, they went home.

Once there, they faced interminable questions. What had happened? They tried to explain: the manager, a sore arm, no batting practice. Some lied, said they'd quit. After a week or so the questions diminished, and they began to forget. They took a job, got engaged, put aside their boyish dreams. Then one day, about a month after they had returned, they received a registered letter. The envelope was adorned with a savage Indian. They fingered their unconditional release, stared at it, their day ruined, possibly the week; they were forced now to abandon the false spring of their lives and begin again.

With time they would discover that their experience had marked them off from their contemporaries who, no matter how talented, had never gone to spring training, never, even for a week, been a professional athlete. It was as if they had been privy to a vision, had been blessed with a divine grace that would always remain a mystery to the unblest. They learned to play to this grace, to build around it myths about that experience, which, to them, had been no big thing at the time. They had seen no mysteries, but they did not let on. They took pleasure even in the manner in which their town's sports-wise people now referred to them: "He was the boy who went away." Vague, yet oddly precise. The boy who went away—that was all anyone knew. He had gone away and then come back and whatever had occurred in between only he knew. It elevated him. He floated above those whose talents would forever be circum-

scribed by the fact that they had never gone away. Of such a stay-at-home people would say, "He was good. The best around. But who knows for sure? He never went away."

Such young men—those who never went away—simply stopped playing the game. They hoarded their small winnings and saw them devalued with the years. When they eventually realized their mistake—the enormity of it (for an athlete, anyway)—it was too late. In trying to preserve modest successes, untainted by failure, they had tainted not only those successes, not only others' remembrance of their talents, but also their very character. They lacked courage. Everyone had seen it. They had been so afraid of losing that they had lost more than any of those athletes who had gone away and been released and had come back home.

Those who had gone away had learned how to lose. And what they had lost was the first, the purest and the most glorious dream they would ever have. They had lost perpetual youth, innocence, the dream of playing a little boys' game for the rest of their lives as Spahn did. No dream would ever equal that one, and so no future loss would ever affect them in the way that first one did. When they returned home it was with an indifference to loss and with the grace to shrug off failures in a way winners, and all those who had never lost the dream, could never do.

Thoughts—fears, really—of being given an unconditional release were not of my world in 1960. Such things happened only to others. Still, I checked the bulletin board every morning. All of us did—all, that is, except those 18-year-old youths who had been given a one-way bus ticket to Waycross (they would pay their own way home). They had signed a blank contract that, they were promised, would be filled out at the end of the spring. "After you've showed your stuff," the scouts said.

They all looked alike and they all arrived with a pair of spikes with plaid laces and a baggy gray sweat shirt with the name of their high school stenciled across the front. They gravitated to their kind and were indistinguishable from one another. The coaches and managers and scouts called them "Red" or "Lefty" or "Stud," and when they did, more than

continued

## False Spring

one head turned in response. Few of them ever made a club, and their contracts, which were never filed but just kept in a drawer in Dick Cecil's desk, were never filled out. At the end of each spring Cecil would take those contracts from the drawer, pull out one or two, stack the rest in a neat pile, thick as a telephone book, and rip them in half and throw them in a wastebasket. Most of those youths never expected to make a team in the first place. That wasn't why they had come. Their trip to Waycross was a spring vacation in the sun. They treated it as such, walking shirtless about camp so as to get a good tan. They treated their experience without the fear and reverence the rest of us did. They broke the camp rules, drank beer in the barracks, put shaving cream in one another's beds and were so loud and obnoxious that they were a nuisance to all of us serious athletes. Secretly, I envied their indifference, the freedom it gave them.

Breakfast was served from 7 to 8 a.m. I ate early. As I walked toward the cafeteria my ankles were brushed by tall grass still cool and wet from the mist that had blanketed the camp, but now at seven the mist had dissolved in warm sunlight whose heat would soon be oppressive. To my right, far down the road that cut through the swamp, I could see black women moving singly and in pairs toward the camp. They walked on the side of the road close to the swamp, wearing shapeless white dresses that reached almost to their ankles. They carried their lunches in brown bags and walked erectly so as not to topple the large bundles—brightly colored kerchiefs filled with laundry—balanced on their heads. Throughout the day those women moved about the camp. They swept floors, made beds, scrubbed toilets, dispensed food, they hovered, dark shadows, around our illuminated lives.

The cafeteria was a small, square room with picnic tables and benches on either side of an aisle that led to an open kitchen. It was almost deserted at 7 a.m. A few managers sat at one bench nursing mugs of coffee. Farm boys in their youth, they would never shake the habit of rising early. I nodded solemnly as I passed. At another bench sat some of the camp's Spanish-speaking players. Like the managers, they were used to rising with the

sun. In their native lands many of them had spent all the daylight hours cutting sugarcane. They would be there still, in the hot fields, if one day a scout in a shimmering aqua suit had not offered them \$125 a month to play baseball in the States. Life at Waycross was idyllic for them. They ate two and three helpings at each meal. One morning I watched in fascination as Rico Carty, resembling a massive black figure from a Communist mural of the '30s, heaped food on his tin tray, deposited it on a table and returned to the kitchen for three glasses of Kool-Aid. He lined up the three glasses in front of his tray—grape, lime, orange—and, satisfied, began to eat his breakfast. He never drank from those glasses, but with each forkful of food he looked up and smiled at their beauty.

Black women ladled food from huge rectangular aluminum pans. Except for the strong hint of aluminum, the food was tasteless, hot and cold cereal, limp pancakes, soggy toast piled in a heap, sausage patties, bacon that had been cooked the night before and reheated. And eggs. I always asked for my eggs sunny-side up and endured the extra wait as the women cooked them to order. Scrambled eggs had already been cooked and lay, watery, in one of the pans. My father, a traveler in his youth, had warned me against scrambled eggs in strange restaurants. They would be powdered, he said, and I wondered with what. There was a rumor in camp that the scrambled eggs had been sprinkled liberally with saltpeter, to channel our ardor solely toward a love of the game, I suppose.

Most of the players passed the time between breakfast and the 8:30 start of morning workouts in the recreation room of the main building. We played Ping-Pong, and then a few minutes before eight we would scramble for the dozen folding chairs facing the television set. Those who were unsuccessful stood behind the chairs. Precisely at eight, Debbie Drake, wearing black tights, appeared on the screen. Our bones ached from the previous day's workout, our stomachs were filled with too much breakfast, yet nothing could prevent us from watching Debbie Drake twist and stretch her supple body at eight o'clock in the morning. During a particularly interesting maneuver—Debbie would fling her arms wide, thrust out her chest and

exhort the nation's housewives to breathe deeply—we would sigh in unison.

Only the veteran players bypassed Debbie Drake. They had already stood in front of that television set for more years than they cared to remember, and they preferred to play pinocle at a small card table at the other end of the room. They took the same chairs each morning—Archie White had a big easy chair near the window, Dave Filers another easy chair, Mike Fandozn a small deck chair facing the TV set, Bobby Stosko a folding chair across from Fandozn. They wore backless slippers and white socks, pajama bottoms and flannel shirts and smoked pipes mostly, occasionally cigars. They were in their late 20s and early 30s, married, with children. No longer expecting an invitation to the major league camp at Bradenton, they contented themselves with their springs in Waycross and summers at Jacksonville or Cedar Rapids. They were organization men who often served as coaches, too, and waited patiently for an offer to manage a team someday (Fandozn would be my manager at Palatka, Fla. in 1961), or scout, or in some other way cash in on their seniority in the system. Outside in the parking lot it was easy to spot their cars. They drove station wagons already packed to the rafters with utensils and boxes of goods they would need once their wives and children joined them at Cedar Rapids or Jacksonville. They talked frequently of gas mileage and looked with disdain on the young bonus players who went to the parking lot early each morning to wipe the mist and the sap from the pine trees off of their new convertibles.

The locker room across the road from the parking lot had the shape of a capital I. The black and Spanish-speaking players dressed at one end of the I, the white players at the other end, and the trainers' room was the stem between. The floor and the walls of the dressing room were concrete, the floor littered with chunks of red clay that had been dislodged from hundreds of pairs of spikes. The walls perspired and the entire room was dark and cold and damp, smelling of sweat and mildew from the hundreds of jocks, sweat shirts and uniforms hanging up to dry in narrow stalls. They never dried. When you put them on each morning they seemed colder and damper than

when you had taken them off. The uniforms were cheap, gray practice uniforms that never fit, shirts billowing like sails and the pants like harem pants. Each player was given a number to sew on the back of his shirt, and they ran as high as the number of players in camp. There was something quite humbling about putting on a shirt with 217 on the back.

Upwards of 200 players would be dressing in that locker room each morning. The room was so crowded, with jocks and sweat shirts hanging in people's eyes and players jostling one another as they tried to lace up their spikes, that inevitably tempers got hot. Seldom did a morning pass without a few loud arguments and an occasional punch. One morning Carly, who was from the Dominican Republic, argued vehemently with a Cuban second baseman over the relative merits of Juan Perón and Fidel Castro as Latin American leaders. Carly, a 6'3", 200-pound former boxer, resolved the argument by flattening the 5'6", 150-pound Cuban with a single punch.

When we assembled at our respective diamonds, a roll call was taken by the managers and the morning workouts began. Only the injured players did not take part. They were given red armbands and sent to Diamond No. 5 where they amused themselves as best they could. The rest of us went through light calisthenics and then infield and outfield drills, the pitchers covering first base and fielding bunts. Finally there was batting practice. All four major diamonds were awash with activity, orchestrated in a surprisingly efficient manner considering the number of players involved.

A pitcher delivers the ball. The batter swings and lofts a fly to center field. A coach to the batter's right hits a ground ball to the shortstop. A coach to the batter's left hits a ground ball to the second baseman. As the grounders intersect, the centerfielder catches the fly and tosses it to the player backing up the pitcher behind the mound. The two infielders gobble up their grounders and lob the balls in parabolas over the pitcher's head on the way back to the coaches. The pitcher has already begun his windup; the process is repeated the rest of the morning.

Other players went to one of the batting cages next to the locker room or to one of the warmup mounds in front of

the cages. The cages resembled those in a zoo except that their bars were strands of rope woven into a net. When a batter hit a ball into the net it fell harmlessly to the ground. The balls were delivered by a mechanical pitching machine whose arm never tired, never suffered pulled muscles, delivered a ball with a clank every 10 seconds. Facing Iron Mike, a batter needed to get himself in a certain rhythmic groove, because if he did not he found fastballs buzzing past him as he fiddled with his stance.

Always available for advice was Johnny Mize, the camp's batting instructor. Mize had been a huge and powerful home-run hitter for the Cardinals, Giants and Yankees in his playing days, but now, in his late 40s, he was simply a big man running to fat. His face was blazing red and so swollen that his tiny eyes were barely visible. He could be seen always in the same pose—half sitting on an up-right bat, half standing. It was the kind of pose one sees on the fairways at Augusta during Masters week, old men in caps sitting on their portable seats be-

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*This article is an excerpt from the author's autobiography, "A False Spring," to be published by Dodd, Mead & Company.*

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fore folding them up and venturing on to the next hole. Whenever a player asked Mize for advice he grumbled a few words sullenly and fell silent. He did not rise until the bell was rung for lunch.

The camp's pitching coach was Walter (Boon-Boon) Beck. He, too, was a big man, but unlike Mize he was more gentle than morose. He was given his nickname because of the frequency with which batters had boomed line drives off his serves. During his 12 seasons in the majors, between 1924 and 1945, Boon-Boon had records like 12-20, 2-6, 7-14 and 1-9. His earned run average varied from 9.88 to 7.42 to 4.75 to 2.68. Whenever he talked about pitching it was to extol the virtues of Walter Johnson, Rube Waddell, Chief Bender and Christy Mathewson. He wandered about camp smiling at everyone. He would stop for a chat as you worked from one of the warmup mounds. He would toss off a few bits of advice and then, always in reverential tones, impart to you the secret of Mathewson's success. "The fadeaway," he would say. "He mastered the fade-

away." Then with a nod and a wink he drifted off to another mound. He never saw you begin practicing the fadeaway, never saw you bouncing balls in the dirt, becoming frustrated in your attempt to master such an esoteric pitch (a change-of-speed screwball) when, at yet, you could not control a simple fastball. But he meant no harm. He was just passing a pleasant spring. He wore a Braves uniform. He never for a moment thought that young pitchers like me took him seriously. He did not take himself seriously. Everyone knew that. One day when I called him Mr. Beck, he grinned, threw a beefy arm around my shoulder and said, "Call me Boom-Boom, son." He liked his nickname! But I did take him seriously. In those days I took all adults seriously, had this unshakable belief they were always right, always had one's best interests at heart. When they appeared foolish to my eyes, I questioned my sight.

One later spring when it was all slipping away there at Waycross, I decided to seek out Boom-Boom. Be with you in a minute, son. I began throwing from a mound. It was noon. The diamonds were shadowless. The sun was so hot and white it bleached the sky. The grass was pale yellow and the red clay pink. Sweat burned my cheeks. I threw and waited for Boom-Boom. Panic rose. Finally, he appeared. Smiling. He put his hand on my shoulder. What's the matter, son? My hot pleas melted his smile like wax. He pulled his hand from my shoulder as if burned. He stepped back. Then his smile re-formed. Relax, son. He gave me advice. I tried to master it, failed, tried again, failed, began my motion a third time, caught Boom-Boom's eyes wandering to the next mound. The ball bounced in the dirt. I screamed a blasphemy. Flung my glove high into the air. We both looked up, our faces shadowed by the dark speck suspended in a blazing white sky. It came down on top of the batting cage. Boom-Boom stared at it. He blinked. Then he looked around and, on every diamond he saw umpires, players, managers, scouts, all stilled in malaise, heads turned toward us. Boom-Boom looked at me, a flame, and raised his hands, palms out, in front of his eyes. Don't you worry, son, you'll get the hang of it. He began backing away. You keep practicing. I'll get back to you in a bit.

*continued*

## False Spring continued

That was the last time Boom-Boom and I talked that spring. One day I passed the rotunda and thought I saw him hurrying around to the other side.

At noon we ate lunch outside in the shade of the dressing room—milk, consommé in paper cups, a Hershey bar, an apple, an orange. Then we went back to the diamonds for the afternoon's games. We played a game every afternoon for the first three weeks, and after that we played one in the morning, too. By the end of the spring we had played about 40 games. The various teams played one another, for example, Austin against Jacksonville, Cedar Rapids against Boise, Davenport against Wellsville. Occasionally another major league organization would bring one of its better minor league teams to Waycross to play either Austin or Jacksonville. One day a farm team of the Minnesota Twins came to camp. Its star, a 19-year-old Cuban refugee named Tony Oliva, already had a reputation for being a "pure" hitter. Players drifted away from their diamonds to watch Oliva hit against the best pitchers in camp. He went 7 for 9 in a doubleheader, hitting nothing but line drives.

Those drives left the infield seven feet off the ground and rose so fast they were over the heads of our outfielders before they could turn around. Oliva batted with a knock-kneed stance. As he waited for a pitch his weight rested on his front foot. He lunged at the ball. It was all wrong, the watching players agreed. You are supposed to keep your weight on the back foot. Someone grabbed a hat, assumed a stance behind the screen and demonstrated. Oliva stepped into the batter's box again and lined the first pitch six inches over the head of the pitcher, who dived to the ground.

All the games were played before a sparse but potent audience of managers, coaches, scouts and executives. Most of them sat in deck chairs behind the home-plate screens of each diamond. The most influential of them sat or stood on top of the rotunda, commanding a view of all five diamonds. My first impression of Waycross was that there were so many players in camp I would never be noticed. But when I saw that rotunda and the men on top of it, their arms pointing, I realized that not only would I be noticed but my every move would be watched.

Over the winter following my first season at McCook, I had grown an inch and a half taller and 15 pounds heavier. I thought nothing of it until the first time I threw a fastball in spring training. Not only had my pitch gained speed but it had also acquired a lightness that caused it to rise perceptibly. The faster a ball cuts through the air, it seems, the less force gravity exerts on it, and so the ball becomes lighter and rises. I was fascinated by this new toy. Batters sighted the course of the ball, waist high, and swung. When they looked back and saw the ball in the catcher's glove at a level with their eyes, they shook their heads.

But there was a drawback to the added speed and movement of my pitch. Now when I threw a fastball waist high, it often rose out of the strike zone. Even so, I had great success, since most batters were so anxious to impress managers that they swung at pitches they would have taken during the season.

From my first day at Waycross I had been assigned to Boise, Idaho of the Class C Pioneer League. After a few weeks it became so obvious I would pitch at Boise that I no longer bothered to check the bulletin board in the morning; my name always appeared third from the top on a sheet under Billy Smith's name. At first I was disturbed at being assigned to such a "lowly" club, but eventually I learned that Boise was a showcase for all the best young pitchers in the Braves organization. The Braves packed Boise with such talented hitters and fielders (many of whom could have held their own at Cedar Rapids or Jacksonville) that it was virtually impossible for the team's young and inexperienced pitchers not to have a winning record. It was not uncommon for a pitcher to have both a winning record and a 4.75 ERA. If a pitcher can't win at Boise, the saying went in camp, he can't win anywhere. The Braves believed it was important for young pitchers like me to gain confidence (even if that confidence was artificially stimulated) because once a pitcher thought himself a winner, he became a winner. This was certainly true of me at the time. I had always had confidence in my natural talent, that is, in my ability to throw a baseball harder than most, but I had yet to discover whether or not I was a winner. Success in baseball requires a synthesis of a number of virtues, many

of which have nothing to do with talent, self-discipline, single-mindedness, perseverance, ambition. These were all virtues I was positive I possessed in 1960, but which I discovered I did not. Nor have I acquired them since.

The manager of the Boise team was a 30-year-old North Carolinian who had played 11 years in the minor leagues without ever having advanced higher than the Class AA Southern Association. Billy Smith had been a first baseman, and even at Boise he occasionally played that position. He was 5'9" and he weighed 160 pounds. He had a frail, young boy's build. He had blue eyes and extremely fine, short, sandy hair. His markedly white skin turned pink in the sun. He had one of those Audie Murphy faces that must have been exquisitely pretty when he was a child and burdensomely adorable when he was a teenager, and which in his 30s made Smith look 15 years younger than he was. He chewed tobacco and seldom spoke, possibly because his thick drawl was high-pitched and whiny when he became excited. In general he was a taciturn man, with a reputation for hardness that his looks would have denied in his adolescence, but which he had managed to cultivate in his 30s. All of Billy's players, 10 to 15 years younger than he, admired his toughness. When an opposing pitcher knocked down one of his players, Billy Smith was the first man out of the dugout to challenge him. He protected his men. After a particularly satisfying victory or a dispiriting loss, he went drinking with his players. When I heard such stories, the thought that I would be a part of that kind of camaraderie so thrilled me that I couldn't wait to get to Boise, Idaho and pitch for Billy Smith. I would have, too, except for an incident that appeared trivial when it happened but which, I see now, damaged my career in a way I could never repair.

Billy made it known to his players during the spring of 1960 that he was not bound to take to Boise "certain hotshot babies" then on his roster. He would damned well have the final say over the players he took, he said, or he would tell the front office where to go. And the players he would take would not necessarily be the most talented, or those with the biggest bonuses, but those who had proved to him, Billy Smith, that they

*continued*

# Winston

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## False Spring

unquestionably had the right attitude

Billy did not define for us precisely what that attitude was. But he did drop hints by praising certain players in camp, like Tony Cloninger, and disparaging others, like Mike Marinko. Cloninger, a \$100,000 bonus pitcher from Lincoln County, N.C., worked harder than any player in camp. When told to run 100 yards and sprints, he ran 20. He seemed always to be sweating, always to be working painfully hard at tasks that seemed either senseless or so much easier than he made them. He had the knack of taking the simplest task and making it an ordeal. At first I thought this was just his desire to prove that despite his huge bonus he did not expect a free ride through the system. Eventually, I realized that Tony was proud of his ability to do things the hard way, proud of his refusal to quit even when he knew his efforts were unheard. In 1960 he pitched for Jacksonville and Austin. One day he would become a 20-game winner for the Atlanta Braves. When his fastball disappeared a few years after the 20-win season he refused to accept that fact. He threw harder—that is, with greater effort. I saw him pitch against the Montreal Expos in 1969. His career was all but over then, and he lasted just three innings. After he was relieved he walked to the right-field bullpen and began firing fastballs to his bullpen catcher. He threw for five innings, as if punishing himself would restore his career. I remember thinking at the time that he was the same pitcher at 28 that he had been at 19. I talked to him after that game. He told me he was close to his 100th major league victory. He needed only a few more wins. Nothing would stop him from reaching that goal, he said, not even the sore arm he was suffering from. He just pitched with it, he said, and didn't tell his manager about it. If he told his manager about the arm he might miss a turn on the mound, he said.

Marinko, a left-handed pitcher from Bridgeport, Conn., had signed with the Braves when he was 20 years old. At that time he stood 6'3" and weighed 155 pounds. In 1960, at the age of 28, he was 6'4" and weighed about 200. He had become the hardest-throwing pitcher in the organization and one of the hardest throwers in baseball. Still, he was old. He had unusually long, thin arms that

so embarrassed him he wore a sports coat in the hottest weather. He would walk about the camp in Bermuda shorts, a T-shirt and a plaid wool jacket. He was indifferent to his career. He ran wind sprints only when he felt like it. One day at Waycross he hooked up in a pitchers' duel with Juan Pizarro, at that time the brightest prospect in the Braves system. For six innings Marinko was so much more dazzling than Pizarro that scouts and managers and players came from all over the camp to watch him throw. The crowd behind home plate grew, inning after inning and, in the excitement over Marinko's speed, Pizarro was forgotten. In the sixth inning Marinko told his manager he didn't want to pitch anymore. The manager asked why. "No reason," said Mike, "I'm just bored." "That's not good enough," said the manager. "O.K.," said Mike. "I have a sore arm." And he just walked away. He went over to another diamond where he got someone to hit him fly balls in center field, and while the crowd behind the screen of Diamond No. 1 watched, he fired ball after ball in to home plate. Eventually Pizarro would go on to stardom in the major leagues, while in time Mike Marinko would be celebrated as an outfielder for a slow-pitch softball team in Bridgeport, Conn.

I was so determined to impress Billy Smith with the rightness of my attitude (as if it were a three-button suit with narrow lapels one just slipped on) that I affected an earnestness the remembrance of which embarrasses me to this day. There was no task too menial or unpleasant (for example, carrying bats to and from the diamond) for which I did not volunteer. And when I suffered a painful but not serious sore arm, I told no one. I knew it wasn't serious, was just a spring training sore arm that would heal with a few days' rest, and so, when Smith asked for a batting practice pitcher one day I couldn't resist volunteering. My arm was so sore that my pitches barely reached the plate. The batters swung so far ahead of my lobes they either hit them foul or missed them entirely. They complained to my catcher, Joe Torre. He fired the ball back to me and said, "Put something on the damned ball!"

"Mind your own business," I said. I lobbed another pitch and the batter swung and missed. He said something to

Torre. Joe stepped in front of the plate. He held the ball up in front of his eyes and said, "If you can't put anything on this"—and he fired it back at me—"get the hell off the mound." He turned around and I threw the ball at the back of his head. I missed and the ball bounced off the screen. Joe flung down his glove and his mask and started toward me. We surely would have come to blows if Billy Smith had not come between us. With a hand against our chests, he told us to cool off, forget it. I was surprised by the look on Smith's face as he separated us. His eyes were wide and his voice had a tremor in it.

I was glad he stopped us. I had no desire to fight with Joe Torre, who at 19 already had the manner of a 30-year-old veteran. Joe was fast then, over 220 pounds. He had astonishingly dark skin and ponderous black brows that were frightening. He, too, was earnest that spring. Joe's earnestness was genuine, however, not recently picked off the rack like mine. He was unswerving in his dedication to baseball. He tolerated no lapses of desire or effort from himself or his teammates. Joe viewed my feeble lobes during batting practice as "unprofessional." He was right. I should either have admitted to my sore arm and not pitched or else ignored the pain and thrown at good speed. My weak compromise hurt my teammates.

That night I lay in my cot thinking Billy Smith would admire me for my standing up to Joe. At that moment the scouts and managers and executives were assembling to pick tomorrow's teams. I could almost hear Smith's high voice as he picked me: "That's my kind of player." But the following morning I was assigned to Travis Jackson, manager of Davenport, Iowa, of the Class D Midwest League. I discovered that what Billy Smith had actually said was, "I won't have no hothead gunner on my club." Surely he meant Torre, I thought. But Joe's name stayed under Smith's while mine remained under Travis' for the rest of the spring, and when the season opened I was 1,300 miles southeast of Boise, Idaho—in Davenport.

## NEXT WEEK

*Summer finds Lord, as fast—and wild—but without the glamour of promise.*



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you'd get back 33%.\* If you bought a new car today,  
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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 17-23

**BOWLING** ED BOURDASSÉ of Madison, Wis., took the \$45,000 Seafair Open, defeating Matt Smith in the final match, 247 pins to 252.

**BOWLING** JOE FRAZIER scored a fifth-round TKO over Jerry Quarry in their scheduled 12-round heavyweight slug at Madison Square Garden (June 22).

BUD FORTER returned his world light-heavyweight title by fighting Jorge Aranda of Argentina in a controversial draw in a 15-round bout in boxer's hometown, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

**GOLF** JIM COBBETT won the American Classic and \$14,000 at the Fremont Country Club in Akron, Ohio, on the second hole of a sudden-death playoff after tie, Gus Borer, former Fenner and Rau Elyot all tied at a one-over par 281 after 72 holes.

SANDRA HAYNE finished two strokes ahead of JoAnne Carner to take her second LPGA championship, worth \$2,000, ahead of runner-up Françoise Sarrailh for a 72-hole total of 288 over the Pleasant Valley course in Saratoga, Mass.

Wade Porter freshman CURTIS STRANGE capped the head line of the 72-hole NCAA tournament, held in Seattle, Calif., thereby winning the individual championship (by one stroke) and giving Wade Porter the team title (over 40).

The women's intercollegiate championship went to Oregon State's MARY DUKAKIS, who shot a first-round 73 for a 72-hole total of 308 at Sonoma State Country Club, near San Diego, four shots ahead of runner-up Margie Stahlhofen of Hawaii. San Diego State won the team crown by one stroke over UCLA, Oregon State finishing third.

**HARNESS RACING** Losing shot WAYNE EDEK (\$35,000), owned by George Sholly, won the \$140,582 Reclamation Trial for 4-year-olds at Racine, Wis., carrying the 14.5-mile in 2:15. MacArthur was second, half a length back, and South Bend was third. Early-on favorite Fifth was scotched.

**HORSE RACING** CHRIS EVERT (\$3,800), ridden by Roger Velazquez, gained the Triple Crown for 3-year-olds with an impressive 100-length win over Pensive Lober and Meadow Mule in the \$104,000 Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park, raising the 1½ mile in a world 2:20½ (near 41).

**TRIF** O' KNOWLEDGE: (\$40,000) Willie Shoemaker up, finished 2½ lengths in front of Ancient Title to win the \$150,000 Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park. His time for the 1½ mile was 1:59½.

**HOVER SPORTS**—Austria's NIKI LAUDA placed

his V-12 Ferrari to victory in the Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort, averaging 114.7 mph over the 198.9 miles. His Ferrari teammate Clay Regazzoni of Switzerland, was second and Emerson Fittipaldi, in a McLaren, was third.

**SWIMMING**—Farther over the World Cup competition in West Germany continued to mount (June 17) as the first round ended with eight swimmers advancing to the semifinals. The Netherlands, Australia, Brazil and East Germany moved on to Group A, Yugoslavia, West Germany, Sweden and Poland started in Group B.

Attendance soared in domestic soccer competition in San Jose, as NASL scored 15,645 watched the Earthquake match a 3-2 tiebreaker from New York Cosmos. San Jose had come from behind to beat Los Angeles 2-1, the Cosmos' first defeat of the season. Strikers Paul Child and Art Stiles were the catalysts in this game, but San Jose could not repeat against surprising Denver, losing 3-1. An SBO crowd of 13,775 in Seattle cheered as David Butler scored both goals in the Seawolves' fourth straight win, a 2-0 triumph of Philadelphia. Vancouver cut its growth from Buca Court as the Whistlers defeated Baltimore 4-1. The Cosmos lost another game, 2-0 to St. Louis. Both Mariners scored the winning goal in the first of the season. In other games, Dallas defeated Denver 3-2 and Boston got by Washington 3-1. Miami was tied out in Rochester and Toronto.

**TENNIS** Warming up for Wimbledon, STAN SMITH beat last year's Wimbledon runner-up, Alan Metcalfe, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1 in the final of the \$100,000 John Player tournament, in Nottingham, England. In an all-African doubles final, ERIC VAN DILLEEN and CHARLIE PASARELLI overcame Smith and Bob Lute 7-6, 7-6, 6-4. At Eisenhower, CHRIS EVERT fought off Britain's Virginia Wade to win the \$70,000 women's tournament, 7-5, 6-4. BILLEN GUGLILAY and KAREN KRAVETZKY of Australia took the women's doubles 6-2, 6-0, beating Scott and the U.S.'s V. Olga Morosova.

STANFORD made a clean sweep of the NCAA championships, dominating with 30 points. Ross USC was second with 25 and Michigan was third with 19. Fifth-seeded JONAS MEYER won the 100-meter freestyle. Cenzo Hegar in the final 1-6, 6-3, 6-3, 5-1 to win the individual title and then paired with JIM KELLEY in an upset victory over U.S.'s John Andrews and Sethi Meow 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, 6-4.

**TRACK & FIELD**—A slew of records were broken or tied at the 8th annual national AAU meet in Los Angeles. KICK WOHLSHUTER's 1:43.9 equaled the mark for the record-holding 100 meters ever run (page 2). STEVE WILKINSON came out of his long-

ing streak to tie the world record for the 100 meters with a 9.9 clocking. DICK SHERALD set a meet record of 13.54 in the 5000 and New York's RUD DIXON established an AAU mark of 9.77 in the 1,500. NCAA champion CHARLES FOSTER equaled the meet record of 11.4 for the 100-yard dash while the 400 hurdles went to JIM BOB LIDING in an AAU record 48.1. JOHN FOWLE, threw the javelin 214.17, breaking Jay Silverstein's 211-foot mark by almost two feet, and shotputter AL FLUEKEBACH hit a new AAU standard with a 70 yds. toss. The Beverly Hills Sprinter ran away with the team title, amassing 78½ points to second-place New York AC 4-6.

IRENA SZWINSKA of Poland ran a world record 4:01 in the 400 meters at Warsaw, breaking the former women's mark of 51 seconds shared by Jamaica's Marilyn Neufville and East Germany's Monika Zehrt.

**WRESTLING**—The New York Athletic Club captured the team title in the National AAU invitational competition in Long Beach, Calif. Athletes in Action, West, San Bernardino, Calif., was second and the Wisconsin AC was third. RICHARD MOFFAT took the 120-pound class and MIKE DZIO DZIO won the 110-pound division, both of them for the NYAC. DZIO, 20, of East Lansing, Mich., moved up in class to defeat Dave Pruzansky at 115.5 pounds, and GREG HICKS, from Lancaster, Pa., avenged teammate Herb Stender's loss with a win at 130 lbs. in the 100-5-pound class.

**SWIMMING**—ANNOUNCED BY THE ABA that it will remain a 10-team league for the 1974-75 season. Three financially troubled teams—Richmond, Virginia and Carolina—will have new owners, and San Diego has signed to play in that city's \$4,500-annet Sports Arena, ending talk that the franchise would move. The announcement followed the suggestion by NBA owners of a proposal on the condition reserve clause that might have made a merger of the two leagues possible.

**AWARDED TO TORONTO**, an NBA franchise to commence play in the 1977-78 season, bringing the league total to 10 teams.

**NAMED** RICHARD H. VERTLEER, 45, as general manager and chief executive of the NBA. General manager Warren Wolford was formerly general manager of the Seattle SuperSonics.

**WITHDRAWN** World Boxing Council recognition of FRED JORDIS as featherweight champion, because he would not set a date to defend his crown.

## GREEDS

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Donald, Mike 20—Bob Crampton 21—Tony John 22—John Crampton 23—John Crampton 24—John Crampton 25—John Crampton 26—John Crampton 27—John Crampton 28—John Crampton 29—John Crampton 30—John Crampton 31—John Crampton 32—John Crampton 33—John Crampton 34—John Crampton 35—John Crampton 36—John Crampton 37—John Crampton 38—John Crampton 39—John Crampton 40—John Crampton 41—John Crampton 42—John Crampton 43—John Crampton 44—John Crampton 45—John Crampton 46—John Crampton 47—John Crampton 48—John Crampton 49—John Crampton 50—John Crampton 51—John Crampton 52—John Crampton 53—John Crampton 54—John Crampton 55—John Crampton 56—John Crampton 57—John Crampton 58—John Crampton 59—John Crampton 60—John Crampton 61—John Crampton 62—John Crampton 63—John Crampton 64—John Crampton 65—John Crampton 66—John Crampton 67—John Crampton 68—John Crampton 69—John Crampton 70—John Crampton 71—John Crampton 72—John Crampton 73—John Crampton 74—John Crampton 75—John Crampton 76—John Crampton 77—John Crampton 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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BAD BEHAVIOR

Sir:

Although fan behavior has become very poor in recent years (*Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, June 17), I personally feel it is not entirely the fans' fault. Many of them, including myself, have grown up with teams whose rosters did not change dramatically from season to season. But these days one hesitates even to buy a poster of a so-called star because one doesn't know whether the uniform he has on in the picture will be the same one he will wear the next year. Players no longer feel loyalty to one particular home team or crowd; instead they pay homage only to the team that comes up with the most money.

We spectators have finally opened our eyes to this widespread commercialism. We are now aware that super teams either do not exist or are quickly disbanded because of the lure of higher salaries elsewhere. But we still want real competition, with real emotion from the players. Being a professional athlete is not just a job, as Dick Allen put it, but an enviable way of life to many Americans and a goal for our young athletes to shoot for.

What are we teaching our youth today? To come out of college as spoiled brats? Athletes used to come from the college ranks begging for a chance to play pro ball. Now they dictate to the pros what they want. Players brought out of slums and made into stars turn around and bite the hands that fed them. Many other players have never had that chance; they spend their lives in minor leagues, hoping for a break. In the end, perhaps these are the true athletes, the true professionals, the ones who play the sport for what it is, not just for what it can do for them. They are the real winners.

ROBERT J. HANLEY

McLean, Va.

Sir:

Not once did you mention the inflated price the fan must pay to get into the ball park. If I must pay half a week's rent to see a second-rate game, I am entitled to some action—on the field or in the stands.

O. W. OLSON

Logan, Utah

Sir:

Again *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* not only hit the nail on the head but drove it through the wood. Your article on unenjoyable fans was all too true. As a sports photographer, I have been a victim of fan stupidity. At a University of Toledo-Central Michigan basketball game at CMU I had to run for cover after being hit squarely with a full can of

pop, having my camera kicked out of my hands, being verbally abused and having several articles stolen from my camera bag.

RON SKILLAS

Toledo

Sir:

I go to a baseball game to relax, to set everything else aside, but it is getting so bad you can't enjoy a game without having a streaker, a stripper or a jerk running around on the field. These people should be fined heavily and made an example of. And trash should not be thrown on the field. I attended a recent doubleheader at Veterans Stadium and saw a nun get hit on the head twice by soda dropped from the top deck.

Thanks to Ron Fimre for a fine article. I hope he got his idea across to the "fans" behave!

MARK C. HARTIG

Ambler, Pa.

Sir:

As long as Ron Fimre's statement remains true, i.e., that "violent action and reaction are everyday facts of life," we will be forced to put up with incidents at athletic events such as the one in Cleveland.

BOB WALTERS

Muskegon, Mich.

Sir:

Why are today's sports fans more hateful and harmful than they used to be? Because of half a century of violence in movies and a quarter of a century of violence on TV.

RUS PURIFYO

Odessa, Texas

Sir:

Ron Fimre wrote, "There has been beer in the ball parks for years..." The Washington Senators had no beer at their old park until the 1956 season. The Pittsburgh Pirates banned beer at old Forbes Field. It was a pleasure to attend games at those parks. The answer is to ban the beer at all spectator sports. It's as simple as that.

D. E. SMITH

Pittsburgh

## SUPERDUPERSTAR STATUS

Sir:

Re *Everyone Is Helpless and in Awe* (June 17), I am neither. Although Reggie Jackson is off to a good start, two months do not a superduperstar make, nor do they clinch a triple crown. As Stan Bahnsen observed, Reggie Jackson is a prima donna. Jackson's painful hamstring seems to bother him much more when he is trying to come home from second on a single than it does when he has

to beat out a throw to first for a hit to help his average. Why has Jackson never hit .300? Because singles and doubles hitters don't get the instant recognition that home-run hitters do. Why did Jackson try to steal third base with the A's leading 4-0 and no outs? To gain the same kind of recognition that Bobby Bonds, the real superduperstar of the Bay Area, has gotten for twice hitting 30 home runs and stealing 30 bases in the same year and just missing a 40-40 season by one home run.

FRANK MILTENBERGER

Sunnyvale, Calif.

Sir:

Congratulations on your thoughtful examination of the brash and confident personality of the American League's most exciting player, Reggie Jackson.

I've had the opportunity to watch Reggie in action since his college days, but I remember him best for an interview he gave me two years ago. I found him to be a gracious and intelligent man with a keen awareness of his natural ability. Certainly he has a high opinion of himself, but what immensely successful athlete does not?

Jackson's greatness is confirmed by the fact that whether he is liked or disliked, people are always talking about him. Only an athlete of the highest stature could generate that type of electricity.

MIKE TULUMELLO

Tempe, Ariz.

Sir:

O.K., so maybe Reggie Jackson is a "superduperstar." But what about the guy who is leading the majors in batting average, Rod Carew? I hope everybody knows who he is.

PETE TOMBARAKOS

Warminster, Pa.

• See page 14.—ED.

Sir:

How in the world you can label one man a "superduperstar" is beyond me. And as for Reggie Jackson's chance for the triple crown, Rod Carew would have to be bedridden with an injury.

CRAIG BEULIS

St. Paul

## DON'T SHORTEN THE TOUR

Sir:

Practically every sport I can think of has enjoyed a substantial expansion during the past several years. In your May 13 issue Jack Nicklaus presented some different views about professional golf's expansion in his article entitled *Shorten the Tour and Improve*

the Game. I believe Jack is sincere when he says that it is not his intention "to rob the younger and less accomplished players of the chance to make a living." I also agree with Jack that "designated tournaments" are unfair and unnecessary. I further agree with Jack that no one can be expected to play in every tournament.

However, I do not agree that shortening the PGA tour will improve the game. The young players certainly will be hurt if some tournaments are eliminated. There are so many good young pros today that we really need two tours. The young players now entering professional golf deserve the same opportunity Jack had when he started out on the tour. Indeed we have more would-be sponsors today than there are dates available. This certainly is a healthy situation.

The tour currently comprises approximately 45 regular tournaments. Each event is a success story in its own right and some of the so-called second-rate tour stops are really very fine events. They may be held in smaller cities, offer less than top money and may not be on TV. Nonetheless, they are successful. Some of these tournaments are unable to offer top purses and consequently are bypassed by Arnold Palmer, Nicklaus, et al.; yet is this any reason to eliminate them? They may not be played on the best courses, but is that a valid reason to eliminate them? How would that improve other tournaments that have everything going for them?

What could be more fair than the way the tour is organized today? A star like Nicklaus plays the tournaments he wants to. Obviously he needs many weeks off for various reasons: rest, family, business ventures, international competition, etc. He therefore enters 20 to 25 events of his own choice and passes up the remainder. Television also picks the events it wants to feature and bypasses the others.

The youngsters and other "hungry" pros play as often as they can. Pemacola sponsors, for instance, know they can afford only a \$150,000 tournament. They know they won't attract the big stars. They are like some off-Broadway productions—small but successful, with a lot of talented people eager to perform.

I'm sure the great majority of today's touring pros will agree with me.

FRANK CARDE  
Vice-President  
PGA of America

Rye, N.Y.

## SECOND BEST

Sir:

Little Current is surely the best of this year's 3-year-old crop (*Flow Swiftly, Little Current*, June 17), but let's remember, as all astute racing fans do, that according to his time he would have finished 26 lengths be-

hind Secretariat last year, although his run would have been good enough for second.

MARK EITZEL

Salem, Ore.

- The 26 lengths are arrived at by the rule-of-thumb formula that a fifth of a second is equal to one length. Little Current covered the 1 1/2 miles in 2:29 1/2, compared to Secretariat's track record of 2:24.—ED.

## THE LONG BEACH CASE (CONT.)

Sir,

How long are we going to maintain this synthetic and farcical line between the so-called amateur and professional athletes? Case 427 (June 10 and 17) illustrates that the smoke of this problem is everywhere, so there must be fire. It is just that only a few flames are now visible.

It is my contention that there are practically no amateurs. It is a matter of definition and the definition is anything but clear. For example, Ben Jipcho earned \$500 for each race he won as a professional in this country. By his own admission he was losing money, as he could have made \$4,000 per race as an "amateur" in Europe.

All the problems of college athletic eligibility, academic and economic, could be solved by simply abolishing the concept of amateurism and letting each athlete earn whatever his services would bring. A few rules could be made to determine limits of eligibility. But there is really no valid reason why a college can't be represented by a pro team.

Historically the landed gentry could not indulge in "trade" so they took to sports to fulfill their competitive desires. They could not even play on the same fields with "tradesmen." This whole scheme of things, which we are trying to continue, is an anachronism, and the time has come to end it.

HENRY A. TRACY

Kinston, Tenn.

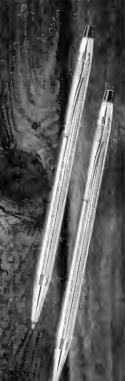
Sir:

Re Case 427, it seems to me that you—and nearly everyone else—are missing the real point. The NCAA is in no way, shape or fashion concerned with the welfare of athletes who have the misfortune to fall within its jurisdiction. As a major college economics text has suggested, the NCAA is a cartel whose primary function is to keep the wages of college athletes below their real market price. If good athletes were not in fact worth more—in terms of gate receipts, glory, prestige, alumni support, etc.—to a college than the NCAA's arbitrary limitations allow, there would never be any violations of NCAA rules.

The real crime of such have-nots as Long Beach State was challenging the Establishment, they wanted to become haves. Luck-

continued

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## 15TH HOLE

ing the championship records, national reputation, alumni assistance and connections, such schools can compete only if they receive the sort of favors and subsidies that the NCAA prohibits. Such regulations were made not to protect the athletes but to protect the Establishment, the second real function of the NCAA. Thus, the ax falls on the Long Beach States but not on the big boys.

Like the AAU, the NCAA must flex its muscles periodically; it must punish dissent, because its third real function—as with any other bureaucracy—is to insure its own existence, to perpetuate its power, to grow. Serving neither the athletes nor its lesser "member institutions," it can keep them in line only by the threat of ostracism, loss of accreditation and bankruptcy.

I am tired of the NCAA and the AAU fighting like two vultures over the carcass of "amateur" sport. I am tired of coaches, administrators, commentators and fans who profess respect for a balking dinosaur that should long ago have become extinct. If amateurism alone assures nobility of purpose and quality of performance, shouldn't we expect all specialists to serve without pay? Why should we expect an athlete to do what he does better than anyone else in the world, to bring glory to his country and prestige to his school, to thrill us in person or enthral us on TV without getting the return that any one of us would demand for such effort? If young athletes turning professional seem too often cynical, ungrateful and greedy, could the reason lie in the hypocritical way in which they have been exploited by a system that claims to protect them?

In short, isn't it about time we got rid of the NCAA and amateurism both?

JOHN JACKSON

Los Angeles

Sir:

Having read the article on Long Beach State, I must agree with Ed Ratleff's comment, "Why don't you go over to UCLA or some other school where they have money and talk to them!"

The NCAA could definitely make a change in its investigative procedures. When it takes two of their men more than a year of thorough and exhaustive investigation to clobber Long Beach while it takes Ray Kennedy only a few months to find enough incriminating information to topple many a school from its lofty position, something is wrong. Why doesn't the NCAA go after more serious violators and make them pay their dues? What are they afraid of?

DAVID BRILL

Houston

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